THE

CAMEL HUNT:

A

NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

BY J. W. FABENS,
AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE ISTHMUS

"The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares now.
* * * *
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

NEW EDITION.

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PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

"Camels and California," says the critic—"two words that are not often used in one breath." True, and a good many others, which somehow have scraped acquaintance in our day, might range themselves in the same category. It is quite superfluous for me to inform the reader that this is a fast age—Young America has dinned that into his ears pretty effectually long since—rushing along with its unearthly steam-whistle, and its eternal warning of "look out for the engine while the bell rings;" which takes it for granted that there are no illiterate or deaf people to be looked after—as somebody says.

But, say you, the camel is not a fast animal, and we are going to do without animals. Look at the motive powers of the day—steam, caloric, combustion. All these, I reply, create yet further uses for the camel. If you doubt it, ask the jockies how horse flesh stands the introduction of the iron racer on the course; and as for his being a fast animal, vide whatever you can find recorded upon the subject. "When you shall meet a herie (or running camel), and shall say unto his rider —Salem Alek—ere he shall have answered you—Alek Salem—he will be afar off and out of sight, for his fleetness is as the wind."

Still doubting, you say the camel is an animal exclusively adapted to the East—he will not thrive in our land. I will reply with a quotation from history: "The horse, the ox, the sheep, the goat, and the pig, were all strangers to the new world, and were brought from Europe at an early period by the first settlers." Look at the innumerable herds of wild cattle that literally infest the pampas of Buenos Ayres and Brazil, and the scarcely less numerous troops of horses that lead so free and gallant a life on the broad savannahs of Texas and New Mexico. Why shouldn't we have our extensive camel parks and our opulent caravans, adding a new and strikingly picturesque feature to the magnificent landscapes of our broad South-West?

Will the importation pay? I might produce a host of opinions on this subject, the very names appended to which would do away with any skepticism on that point; although, now that I come to reflect, I am not sure but that these minds looked rather at the greatness and glory of the enterprise, and the incalculable results which our adventurous humanity was to derive therefrom, than to its aspect as a commercial speculation. Still, the natural deduction is that it will pay—most decidedly.

There is a portion of our country to which Indian traditions point as the richest in mineral resources of any on the globe. This country is impenetrable by the white man, in consequence of the deserts of sand which hem it in, and the savage Indian tribes which defend it. "Whence," asks the author of "Eagle Pass," speaking of the recent discovery of an old emerald mine in a rough and arid mountain district on the borders of the Red Sea—"whence came the pure and matchless emeralds that decked the brow of the Aztec Emperors? We have a dream that their lost hiding-place will yet be found not far from the Gila." With the assistance of the camel this country may be explored and made available.

The succeeding pages will explain more fully the ideas which I have ventured to entertain upon the subject. The voyage therein described may have taken place, or it may belong to that dreary catalogue of glorious things, "the things that might have been." At any rate, the work is not a mere *jeu d'esprit*. There is a purpose in it, and the signs of the times indicate that that purpose will yet be fully accomplished.

In permitting this new edition to go forth, I must take occasion to express my thanks for the favor and kindness with which the former have been received, both by the general reader and the literary critic. A continuation of the narrative may be found embodied in "A Story of Life on the Isthmus," recently published in "Putnam's Popular Library."

J. W. F.

Salem, Mass., March 1, 1853.

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THE CAMEL HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

CALIFORNIA.

California, thou hast much to answer for. On thy youthful head hang responsibilities wide as the world, and whose results are only to be vaguely conjectured in the far depths of centuries to come. Thou art the last, and art destined to become the greatest of the empires, the best beloved, the Benjamin of nations. Thou art the fulfilment of the poor man's hope, the realization of the poet's dream, the end foreseen by the prophet when he described the westward tendency of empire's star.

Yet, for long years, didst thou sleep almost as soundly as when old night brooded over the earth, and none foresaw the wealth and power and magnificence biding its time so profoundly quiet in thy breast. The solitary and unfrequent mariner as he guided his vessel cautiously along thy sandy shores, in his wildest misgivings and proudest hope

for a better time coming, never dreamed of any thing like this. It was reserved for the moment when thou wast fairly under the protection of the only people upon earth, who could have made thee what thou art, and what thou yet shall be, that the time which cometh once to all came to thee.

Nevertheless, thou hast much to answer for. The parchment which ceded these broad acres was stained with blood. The history of that unparalelled immigration, which has filled thy hillsides and ravines and glistening rivers with all varieties of teeming life, is wet with the tears of women and tender children. Many an edifice, the altar to a fortune, miraculously acquired, has been reared simultaneously with the planting of a grave stone a thousand leagues away, on which was recorded the epitaph of a broken heart. Thou hast held up a glittering bait to the baser passions of mankind, and the lust for gold has gathered food and strength in thy dominions. Thou hast summoned men, with thy strange weird power to enforce obedience, away from the tenderest relations, the holiest ties, the best privileges of humanity, and well is it for thee if thou hast any thing to give in exchange for all this. This side of the picture is undescribed, for as yet

> "We but hear
> Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,
> Their numbers and success, but who can number
> The hearts which broke in silence of that parting,
> Or after their departure; of that malady
> Which calls up green and native fields to view
> From the rough deep, with such identity
> To the poor exile's fevered eye, that he

Can scarcely be restrained from treading them,
That melody which, out of tones and tunes,
Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow
Of the sad mountaineer, when far away
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
That he feeds on the sweet but poisonous thought,
And dies."

But thou hast other things to answer for, the influence of which is already felt wherever thy name is heard. Thou hast breathed dignity and geniality into labor. The spectacle now held up to the world's gaze, on the banks of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, is well calculated to make the miserable aristocrat, proud of his ill-gotten hoard of hereditary riches, to tremble in his stronghold. That which was once the prey of the trickster and legal gambler now yields itself generously, aye, lovingly to the stout hands of patient toil. The noblest circle of eastern civilization is decimated, that that "far land beyond the west" may have other examples of physical industry, than it has been our privilege to enjoy.

Thou hast afforded another shining illustration of the practical working of that eminently democratic motto, "The greatest good of the greatest number." Thou hast shown that common and equal interests and hopes, united with the sentiment of universal brotherhood, can do more than stringent laws and troops and prisons.

Thou hast held out the promise of a more equal diffusion of the blessings of wealth, and a more substantial basis for the world's trade. Thou has given a new and unexpected importance to the

entire shores of the Pacific, and even hinted a change in old familiar lines of commerce.

Thou art the nurse of high adventure. From thy unrivalled position thou beckonest with one hand to the Indies, thanks to Fulton, no longer far, and with the other to the cities on the Atlantic shore. Not vainly, for already Cape Horn (asking pardon of Magellan) has seen the wings of ships, almost as thick as albatrosses sometimes nearly shut, but always steadily and unflinchingly striving towards the west. Would you have information of the Pacific movements, ask the oleaginous monsters of the deep.

And not alone on the sea is thy thrilling influence felt and responded to, though the Levant and St. George's channel have their story as well as the bays and rivers of our own Atlantic coast. Many a quiet inland village has heard from afar the rushing of thy eagle wings, and its peaceful inaction has seemed thenceforth hateful. And in the depths of the silent wilderness, and on the lonely sweep of the immensity of western prairie, the bare mention of thy name has kindled in the breast of solitary wanderers a new fire, a beacon light, calling them to come on to deeds of nobler import.

To establish a better and speedier passage to thy shores, was the object of "The Camel Hunt."

CHAPTER II.

"OUR NOBLE SELVES."

One bright cold night in the early part of the month of February, 1850, when the stars twinkled lustily in the sky, but could not, with all their ethereal beauty, call off the longing look of the wayfarer from lighted window panes, there could have been seen beneath the half drawn curtain of a certain dwelling house, towards the south end of the city of Boston, a scene singularly suggestive. The room thus brought into notice was evidently a library, with books, pictures, and curious specimens of natural history ranged along the walls. Its peculiar aspect at that moment was derived from the fact, that its floor was covered with trunks, baskets, valises, carpet-bags, and various other kinds of packages, strewed any where and every where in admirable confusion. This hinted at a sad phase of human life, the sundering of domestic ties, the division or dissolution of a household. While a sunny side-board, on which stood a dark mysterious looking bottle enveloped cosily with tiny glasses, seemed to say, that in spite of the presence of

awkward realities, an attempt at geniality was still to be made.

There was but one person in the room at the commencement of the evening, a young man, and as that young man was myself, I shall not describe him more particularly.

The street bell rang in obedience to a short earnest pull. A gentleman, whom I shall call by the fictitious name of Major Wallack, was announced.

"Well, Warrener," said he, grasping my hand, "this looks like it. Jove! to think that we are fairly off at last! Do you know that I feel as if we were on the eve of a march, a triumphal march, and that at the end I can see our entrance into a walled city, and our passage through crowded streets, with fair faces at the windows of stately buildings, and delicate white hands hurling flowers upon us. This is nothing, though, to the glorious satifaction one feels in carrying out a cherished idea, in being of use to one's generation, in fulfilling a manly destiny."

The high souled, the eagle eyed Major, I could have hugged him! There he stood upright and firm with his noble face glowing with a high strung enthusiasm, as fine a specimen of the race of beings, to whom God gave the earth as an inheritance, as ever went forth to subdue it and make it a blessed boon. The Major, with his long hair wandering wildly down upon his shoulders, his old Roman face, and his keen eagle eye, looking through the mists of difficulties and paltry annoyances which had long enveloped him to the great end. I loved

and respected him, then, for his stern simplicity and frugality, his indomitable perseverance, his great and generous soul, incapable of any thing low or mean in itself, or of suspecting its existence in others. But during our long subsequent intimacy, when we were as brothers, united by the bond of solitary adventure, endeared to each other from having been the object of common jibes and sneers, and having made for ourselves common enmities, I loved and respected him far more. For I had seen him during long days and the slow lingering watches of the night at sea, in storm and calm, and all the changing vicissitudes of ocean life, in foreign lands, amid peril and trouble, with the blear ugly eyes of that hideous demon failure looking right into his soul, and afterwards in all the glad triumph of success; and I could not fail to observe always the same patriarchal virtues, the same child-like simplicity, the delicate respect for the rights and feelings of others, the intense admiration of every thing great, the heart-felt loathing of every thing paltry; the passionate resolve ever to protect the weak and resist the oppressor; the chivalric admiration of woman, the tender love of children, the unchanging, unchangeable faith in the everlasting good, which was the God of his unpedantic creed, the suspicion of which traits, even on our first interview, had made me determine to

"Grapple him to *my* soul with hooks of steel."

The street bell rang again, and the third member of our party, Tom Eddington, was announced. I

never yet was successful in a personal description, and therefore shan't attempt it now. The reader will become fully acquainted with Tom as we progress.

"What has had you, Tom?" inquired the Major; "if you had been here a few minutes before, you would have heard something to your advantage."

"If any body knows any thing to my advantage," retorted Tom, "it's more than I do myself. Still, I have been blackguarded so much, that I should like to hear a good thing said of me once in a while, just for the novelty of it.

"Don't make yourself uneasy, Tom," said I, "we were only joking, there is nobody here knows any thing particularly creditable about you."

"I should like to catch them at it, that's all," said Tom, clenching his fists. "But trifling aside — you know that I despise it — my young friends, a glass of wine, here's to the hunters of the camel."

"Our noble selves," parenthesized the Major.

Which being drank, we drew our chairs nearer to the table, lighted our cigars, and sat down talking cheerfully together of our plans and prospects. They were visionary enough, God knows, for we were neophytes in an untried sphere. Still the great end which we had proposed to ourselves to accomplish, was ever standing boldly up before us, and could not be winked out of sight. That end was, as the most illustrious geographer of the age expressed it, "the introduction and domestication of the camel in our western and south western territories," to use the words of a member of the Suffolk

bar, distinguished alike for his sagacity and eloquence and profound patriotism, "The importation of an animal, destined to be the means of opening, to the indefatigable spirit of American adventure, new and boundless resources, and making available to our country her finest tracts," as "our noble selves" viewed it, to furnish to that ceaseless flow of immigration, setting to the farthest west a new, safer, and more speedy means of transport, to connect the homes of our civilization with our most remote frontier, to perform our humble share, in rendering yet more marked, the new era which the discovery of the gold mines of California has opened in the world's history.

Then the conversation took another turn, and the Major inquired of Tom how every thing was at home.

"Well," said Tom, "we're no worse than usual. Jane is firm and just as divine as ever in this matter, and as for Tom, junior, he was dreaming of camels when I left, for he smiled pleasantly in his sleep."

"Jane will be the making of you yet," observed the Major. "She's a noble specimen of humanity."

"Noble!" said Tom, rising from his chair, and looking us full in the face. "Gentlemen, she's an angel! There's something so glorious about the manner in which she has stood up to this movement, that has divested it, in my mind, of all its madcap character, and made it really a solemn thing. I tell you there has been, at times, when she has discoursed of the results to be arrived at by our

project, such a celestial radiance hovering about her, that I do believe she might have stolen in among the angels, in the highest heaven, without their ever suspecting the presence of a stranger. This has been so marked at times, that it has almost alarmed me."

"Jane," said I, "has done something more than discourse."

"She has," said Tom. "Her little fortune, which I was never to know any thing about, but which was destined as a nest egg for the little scoundrel who calls me sire, fell into this camel movement just as easy as falling off a log. Not that that was any thing to boast of, though," continued he, while his finely formed lip curled in a contemptuous smile, "considering the proffers of assistance which poured in upon us on all sides, from the heavy capitalists of Boston and vicinity, as soon as it was known that the Major, with his long hair, was amongst 'em."

"With a vengeance!" growled the Major.

"Such delightful sympathy as I met with," continued Tom, musingly, "in the bosom of my own family. Such profound admiration of my sagacity and business talents, as my honored father exhibited when I first developed my plans, such encouraging allusions to certain former projects of mine, such as supplying the south of France with ice, the annexation of Yucatan to the United States, and the navigation of the river Orinoco by steam."

"My father," said I, "predicted that I would soon become a candidate for the alms-house."

"My father," said Tom, "said that I would be lucky if I steered clear of the State prison."

"Gentlemen," solemnly observed the Major in his turn, "when I left my father's house years ago, I regret to say that it was without his blessing. He intended me for a pill driver, while I intended myself for the disgraceful profession of literature. The last words which he uttered in my presence, was an allusion to the gallows."

"There is one place, however," continued Tom, taking no notice whatever of the Major's ignominious allusion, "which must ever be holy ground in our memories, a certain brisk and brilliant little city, not a thousand miles from Boston, where a liberal-minded spirit of enterprise and open-hearted hospitality is the order of the day, and where our advances in this camel matter were received with open arms."

"Ay," muttered the Major, "with a Judas-like kiss."

"A gay delightful little place, that it is," proceeded Tom, rubbing his hands, while the rich deviltry in his eyes sparkled like lights in a fog; "where no one speaks evil of his neighbor, and there is no codfish aristocracy to frown upon nature's noblemen; where the girls marry for love and not for money; where the young are encouraged and assisted in the furtherance of laudable enterprises at home; where the old are never sent away, after threescore years have whitened their heads, even to California to die; where genius is appreciated; where wealth, the result of former unexampled commercial success, isn't taken into the heart and there locked up so snugly that the countenance,

which should mirror forth the diviner qualities of the soul, looks like the tombstone of buried treasure. Where the observance of the wholesome old proverb, that charity begins at home, is carried to such a praiseworthy extent, that it was never known to have ventured abroad, even beyond the threshold of its native dwelling; where the merchants don't allow their ships to load and unload at other ports, and consequently don't have to mow their wharfs, and make them profitable in an agricultural point of view; where venerable men, in the last stages of a well spent life, are busy in honorable occupations, and don't spend their days in standing upon the corners of the streets, discussing the merits of a lady's stocking, or unveiling to the gaze of morbid scandal mongers, a character that had better been hidden from view. Oh, it's a sweet place, a sweet place —"

"Tom," said I, "hold on where you are, the place you allude to is, I presume, Sleepy Hollow, a spot which with all the little imperfections which you somewhat satirically attribute to it, gave birth to me."

"It has been the death of enough other clever fellows to off-set any little share of gratitude to which it is entitled on that account," returned Tom.

"To be sure," said I, "it does somewhat resemble a cemetery."

"At any rate," observed Tom, "one of the last directories contains the sephulchral name of Coffin Pitts."

"And," continued I, "the people do look like corpses 'galvanized to go'—and the home list, meaning thereby those people who never give their anxious mothers any trouble by being out, except at night, does increase, yet still we must not be too hard upon it during its slumbers."

"I don't think any dread of our satire will ever give it the nightmare," observed the Major.

"By the way, Major," said Tom, "do you remember that old covey, who once hailed you on 'change in Sleepy Hollow, to ask for information about your hair!"

"What was that?" inquired I.

"An old wretch," said the Major, "whom I had never seen before, stopped me and actually seized me by the button-hole." 'Sir,' said he, 'if it be not an impertinent question, allow me to ask why you wear such long hair?' 'Sir,' said I, 'it is an impertinent question,' and so left him."

"He thought you a harem scarum sort of a chap, probably," said Tom.

"Did you know Ashton, the celebrated naturalist?" inquired the Major; "well, he used to live in Sleepy Hollow, but was finally driven out, having been proved guilty of possessing brains. When he left he made a solemn vow never to return. But after the railroad was built, he did compromise with his conscience by going through under ground. When in the tunnel he used frequently to perpetrate a horrible conundrum, which run something in this wise, 'Why is Sleepy Hollow like a potatoe hill? Because the best part of it is under ground.'"

"That last will do, gentlemen," said I, "but before dropping the subject, allow me to observe that there are many honorable exceptions to the character which you thus deal out by wholesale to the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow, men who have spent princely fortunes in improving and beautifying their native place; and who have done this without regard to the per centage it was to return as an investment. There are others, as I have heard, whose sole business it is to hunt up cases of want and destitution, and administer relief. I have now in my mind's eye a distinguished gentleman, who may properly be termed the great benefactor of one portion of the old Hollow, for many years neglected and poverty stricken, till he conceived the grand idea of rebuilding it and restoring to its neighborhood its ancient trade and influence, bringing in its train employment and consequent comforts to many a sorrowing household, and this too at a direct and immediate sacrifice of his pecuniary interests. I am no flatterer of the great, but such men I honor from my soul!"

"Of course," answered Tom, "just as sure as seed-time and harvest follow each other in regular rotation, just so sure is it that exceptions prove the rule."

Notwithstanding the bantering tone which our conversation had taken, we had little cause for jest. We had experienced difficulties of all sorts, and had succeeded in arranging our preliminary matters, only because we had determined not to be disheartened, pledging to each other in this cause, "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Our attempts at raising the necessary funds had been somewhat laughable, but as a few merry moments were their sole result, I shall not further speak of them. Those who, like the priest and the Levite, gave us a wide berth in passing, are too snugly encased in an armor of self-satisfaction to be reached by any shot of mine. To those who would have assisted us, but lacked the means of doing so, I can only say that, during our voyage, they were often alluded to in our pleasant moments, and are still cherished in affectionate remembrance.

Our capital at the outset consisted of the Double Eagle, a clipper brig, which by some strange species of good luck has fallen into my hands. The little fortune of Jane Eddington, which she had contributed from a high sense of duty, was the canal through which our saucy craft was conveyed to the ocean.

But we were strong in ourselves, in the respect and esteem which we felt for the motives and ends of each; and particularly were we strong in the presence and sympathy of our wives. In our little circle without one feeling of distrust or one backward glance, we could have defied the world and met its crushing onset together, with a pitying smile.

When we rose to separate for the last time in our old New England haunts, the Major filled our glasses again, and solemnly proposed "The Camels."

After drinking which, we shook hands and bade each other good night.

CHAPTER III.

OFF.

Off — not quite, for when we met on the wharf next morning, there was a stout gentleman in a light coat perambulating the quarter-deck, who was certainly not the captain, or either of the mates, and didn't look at all like any of the crew.

We all arrived alongside at about the same hour, the very respectable State street one, of ten, A. M. The Major and his beautiful little wife were in the van, on the very capstan of the wharf, for that matter, looking profoundly down into the vessel, which, as the tide receded, had gradually sunk to a distance of some two or three feet from the wharf. Tom Eddington and his better angel, Jane, with little Tom, were perched upon a pile of boards close by, taking a general survey, while my wife and I hung back a little, from a sort of undefined suspicion which came over me relative to the business which had given us the honor of a visit from the man in the light coat.

"See how he lifts his leg," sung out Tom, to a finely built, joyous looking seaman, leaning over the

brig's rail, who had evidently been scraping an acquaintance with Tom for a moment previous to our arrival.

"I would like to lift mine a little higher," remarked the man, and give him a Dutchman's hint that his presence could be dispensed with.

Just then, Jim Wilson, our captain, better known amongst his friends as "Uncle Jim," came up out of the cabin.

"Holloa," says he, "come on board; there's some fun left yet, I tell you. Tumble down here and let's enjoy it all together."

Then we embarked. In addition to the crowd already mentioned, there were my brother and a friend by the name of Sohier, who came down to see us off, besides a certain little responsibility of my own, a mischievous little scamp, named Warren Warrener, the youngest of three heirs to my estate, and two young ladies from Erin's green isle, who were provided especially to furnish a little additional care to our worthy wives.

"This gentleman," said the captain, introducing the stranger with mock solemnity, "is Mr. John Cockney Bull, a backslider from the society of reformed inebriates, who has risen step by step in his various professions until he has finally arrived at filling the responsible office of keeper on board the Double Eagle; she having been seized by the marshal for a bill of fixings, amounting to a few hundred dollars, which, it appears, has been carelessly overlooked in your previous settlements."

The man in the light coat smiled pleasantly, and

very vacantly, as he bowed to us in general, and observed, with an oath, that our captain's statements were correct in every particular. He then resumed his perambulations, still continuing to smile with perfect good humor at the fore-yard on one tack, and a point in space some two rods above the taffrail on the other, while the crew indulged in various little pleasantries at his expense, inquiring, among other things, if he had been "to see the Indian Queen" lately. Also, if he could inform them at what time the Cape Ann stage went out, and occasionally observing that he was ahead of the ship's reckoning, and reared and pitched as if he was in the Gulf Stream or the South Channel at the very least.

As we were ready to sail, this little matter was an annoyance. We, however, by a direct contribution raised the necessary funds, and Sohier was about leaving to settle the matter, when the mate stepped below to inquire if he should have the grinning landlubber arrested for theft, as he had taken two heavy pulls at the cook's gin bottle since we came below, or pitch him into the dock, as his imaginary gale was increasing; and he showed signs of soon becoming seasick. This course was declined, and Sohier departed.

He soon returned with a discharge, the brig's fasts were loosed, her topsails sheeted home, and the last plank about to be drawn on board, when a chaise with a sheriff inside drove furiously down the wharf. A red-faced man, with a cockade on his hat, jumped out, and stepping up to the good looking sailor before alluded to, who was steadying the plank for the light-

coated man to come on shore, informed him that he was arrested for a debt of thirty dollars. The shock communicated to the sailor by this intelligence, was so sudden and severe, that by an involuntary nervous impulse the end of the plank was shoved from the wharf, and Mr. John Cockney Bull precipitated into the muddy waters of the dock. This raised an admiring shout of laughter from a group of Irishmen on the wharf, while the man of many liquors floundered ludicrously in an element with which he was by no means familiar.

The brig was now fairly under weigh, and moving steadily through the water at the rate of three or four knots. I began to think it was the captain's intention to leave the good looking sailor, whose name I afterwards learned was Bill Smith, to the tender mercies of the sheriff and his gang. But when I happened to look back, I observed certain pantomimics going on between Tom and the man, which consisted in Tom's applying the forefinger of his right hand to the right side of his nose perpendicularly, and throwing out his tongue rather suddenly, which was answered by the man's hauling down the lower lid of his left eye to a fearful extent, evidently meaning to ask us if we saw any thing green there. Then, with the rapidity of a pistol's flash, he untwined himself from the sheriff's embrace, and by a graceful gymnastic evolution laid that respectable officer flat on his back, and without a word of adieu sprang into the water, where he bestowed one parting kick upon the carcass of the now sobered cockney, and dashed out vigorously for the

brig. When he climbed up the vessel's side, now going bravely through the element with her top-gallant sails set, a shout of wild delight, like those which of old awake the echoes of Tipperary and Gurtnamora, arose from the assembled sons of Erin on the wharf. After it died away, one of the party stepped forward and sung out at the top of his lungs, "Avast there a bit, and shure if ye can tell us the name of the owners of yer saucy craft, arent we all sworn to go and do a day's work for 'em, frae, gratis, for nothing."

CHAPTER IV.

EVENING ON DECK.

THERE is a peculiar sensation usually experienced when one feels the first motion of a ship as she starts out on a long ocean journey. It is almost always solemn, often sad. As he leaves terra firma, with all its comforts and conveniences, and turns his gaze seaward to the vast solitude of waters which can yield him nothing but a means of transport, and knows that for many days and nights he is to be in silent communion with its solitary turbulence, or its profound repose, he feels awed and half longs for another look at the green trees and hills and busy dwelling-places of the shore below the horizon. But our case was an exception.

When we knew that we were fairly off, that all our annoyances were behind us, dwindled to the merest point, that nothing could keep us back from the pursuit of our darling project, we felt a gushing sense of joy and freedom indescribable in words. I remember well how jocosely we pitied the homeward bound vessels going into the bay, laden with the cotton of New Orleans, or the riches of the East, for our

adventure was still before us, teeming with rich promises. The only unpleasant moment of that day, was, when Sohier and my brother left us to return to town, which they did with the pilot off Deer Island.

The day drifted away dreamily and swiftly, for the delicious relief we experienced on being free from the harassing cares of our outfit, brought with it the most delightful and soothing emotions. It was so pleasant to sit together on the quarter-deck, watching the knowing looking little craft as she hung on the wind with such an easy, steady, confiding air, and stood bravely out towards the deep sea; to gaze from her trim hull, her clean decks and cream colored bulwarks, with two red port-holes of a side, and every rope coiled systematically in its place, to her graceful spars and sails, that carved out circles in the blue sky, and seemed to woo the winds; so cheerful to look upon the gallant seamen, with countenances unlike enough to those we see on State street, going silently, but not sadly, about their work, tightening a rope here, and covering an exposed spot there, and preparing the little vessel with as much thoughtful foresight as a mother would a son, for its encounter with the elements. Our captain, too, was a character to study in a quiet lazy sort of way, sauntering so lordlike on the weather quarter, and casting every now and then such an extremely sapient look at the sky and clouds, and to the windward horizon afar, as if he and the clerk of the weather had not only met before, but were intimate acquaintances. Then

there was another part of the scene which was very interesting, and had a comic cast withal. That was the galley and vicinity, including the hen-coop, pig-stye, and cow-shed. In the centre of this rural spot was an unquestionable Ethiopian, somewhat advanced in life, but with all the good-natured rolicking characteristics of his country fresh upon him. Bless his old ebony countenance, how it used to glisten and beam with satisfaction, as he sweltered over his fire during the hot days of the voyage, in preparing "the best of fare, 'sidering what he had to do with," as he chucklingly termed his excellent dishes. So the day went pleasantly by, the many novelties about us eliciting occasionally an idle remark, but when looking and talking bore the remotest resemblance to work, and the faintest signs of fatigue were visible, we just shut our eyes, and were content to snuff up the fresh sea breeze, abandoning ourselves to the most exquisite of reveries.

When evening came we assembled again on the quarter-deck. It was a fine clear night. The sky was thickly studded with stars, above the fleecy clouds were drifting seaward, and we, with all our snowy toggery set, followed like a white cloud below.

"See," said the major, suddenly, "there's a light away off here abreast of us. Where can that be?"

"Cape Cod Highlands," answered the captain, pausing a moment in his rounds.

"Can it be possible," asked Jane, with a very

common simplicity, "that people live so far out to sea?"

"We are not such an extraordinary distance," said the captain. "I think we have sailed some forty miles from Boston."

"God be praised for those forty miles at any rate!" ejaculated the major, fervently.

"They must be a lively set of boys," said Tom, "who reside on the cape, and the business of wrecking, which I understand they follow to considerable extent, must be highly convivial."

The captain was about to correct Tom's understanding with regard to the pursuits of the cape boys, when Jane interrupted him.

"What a glorious idea is that of the light-house. How calm and steady old Cape Cod shines, and to think that it is never missing at its post night after night, answering the radiance of the stars, and often outwatching them, or flinging back its own glimmer like a ray of sunlight through the storm, to cheer or to warn, but always for good!"

"It is truly so," said the major, "and calmly as we regard it, there may be some at this very moment looking at it with eyes dim with joyful tears, some who see it after years of absence, and forget, in its bright presence, the storms which threatened to engulf them off the Horn, or the sickness which unmanned them in a foreign land; they look upon it as one of the great eyes of their country, looking out for them over the deep, and brightening at their return."

"Ay," said the captain, "you are right enough

there; many a poor fellow has seen the night when he would have bartered a kingdom, for a good squint at the Highland light, not such a very brilliant affair in itself after all, and yet has gone to the bottom without a murmur."

"Because," continued the major, following up the captain's remarks, "he died in the breach. He was fulfilling a destiny, such as the highest must admire. A sailor who dies at sea, in the pursuit of honest enterprise, ought not to whimper like a cowardly landlubber between the sheets, for his last act is in accordance with the intentions of the Almighty, when he made man, and bade him 'work out his own salvation.'"

"A curious interpretation of a very orthodox passage," observed Tom.

"My belief is," said the major, "that an idler loses all claim to a share in the kingdom of heaven. While there is so much remains to be done in this planet, the man who does nothing for the common good, is worse than a sneak, he is a criminal."

"Come in lemons and be squeezed," parenthesized Tom.

"And," pursued the major, "he is for the same reason entitled to a larger portion of the bliss yet in store for humanity, who denies himself like the sailor, so many comforts and luxuries, and goes bravely forth to meet the elements, and make them subservient to the wants of his brethren."

"But these people who live here," said Jane, coming back to the starting point in the conversa-

tion, "must be a different style of folk altogether, from those we meet in the city."

"Of course they are," said Tom, "they wear tremendous boots, call codfish cape turkeys, are visited semi-annually by a writing-master with long hair, sport a pony express, which travels through the sand at the rate of seven miles in four hours, go to meeting regularly every Sunday morning, and spread their nets for fish in the afternoon."

"Tom, you are too bad," said Jane, with a reproving smile.

"I only know what I have heard," answered that gay young gentleman. "I was told that a young minister once exchanged with the Provincetown preacher, and after the forenoon's service, stated that he should preach again in the afternoon, at the same place, service to commence at half past two o'clock. This announcement caused no little confusion among the congregation, who looked from one to another more in sorrow than in anger. An explanation was needed, and at last a voice was heard to call on 'Skipper Gurry' to explain. The cry was echoed on all sides, 'Yes, skipper, *you* tell him,' accompanied by exclamations from the ladies of, 'poor fellow, and so young.' When 'silence, like a poultice, came,' an old gentleman rose and said; 'Sir, you're a stranger, and we have heard what you had to say this morning, but it has been thought best for me to inform you, that you needn't trouble yourself to come down here this afternoon to preach, as we're all going over to Truro to help the neighbors spread fish.'"

"Tom is so fond of anecdotes," apologized Jane, "that he never inquires into the correctness of them."

"And Jane is so misty and ethereal," retorted Tom, "that I expect to see her translated to heaven one of these days, as Enoch was, balloon fashion."

So different were the humors of this strange couple, and yet they loved each other as only the true and large hearted know how to love.

CHAPTER V.

A STORM.

The first three days of our voyage were pleasant, but towards evening of the fourth, a threatening aspect appeared in the northwest. Cloud upon cloud seemed gathering there, and uniting their colors and strength, till the intensity of blue deepened almost into black. There they lay piled when the sun went down, refusing sternly to be gilded by his parting rays, and evidently awaiting the shadows of night, to let loose their pent-up fury.

"There's a Jack nor'wester coming," said the captain, as we took our seats at the supper table, "that'll give our sticks a trial."

"Aye," observed the mate, with eyes intent upon his cup of strong black tea, "it looks wicked."

"Our passengers already begin to look a little blue about the gills," continued the captain, pleasantly, "but we are hardly in the Gulf as yet; to-morrow, if we have good luck, and we happen to catch an old-fashioned nor'wester at the same time, there'll be plenty of room at table, and fat pork and molasses will go a begging."

"I should like, of all things," said Tom, "a real screaming gale. I left my accounts in rather an unsettled state, and should be glad of an opportunity to cast them up here."

We began to experience the premonitory symptoms of a storm. The wind had lulled for a moment, and the swell was increasing, which, mingling with the current, and running crosswise to it, caused a very unpleasant motion in our little craft. There was a certain gloom and dampness in the atmosphere, which forebode something, we hardly knew what, and would have had a very depressing effect on our spirits, but for an incident, laughable enough under the melancholy circumstances in which we were placed.

We had for steward a mulatto boy, son of a colored preacher, who, we learned to our consternation, after we were fairly under weigh, had never been to sea before. This young man, the son of pious parents, had received such an exclusively excellent moral education, that he was totally unfit for the practical duties of life, and was continually suffering his imagination to lead off into the regions of nowhere, when he was expressly wanted to attend to the duties for which he shipped, in the very tangible locality of the Double Eagle.

In the business of setting the table, he was peculiarly unfortunate, and the ironical manner in which the captain was pleased to correct him, only served to complete the ordinary confusion of his ideas, and put him in a state of the most ludicrous bewilderment. On this evening the prospect of a gale had

somewhat alarmed him, and he went through the motions, as if his heart was "in the highlands," or any where but where it should have been.

When the captain was about to carve the "salt horse," as he termed it, it appeared that the carving knife was missing. "Here, steward," said he, "take away this carving knife; we can master a tender animal like this with our fingers."

The steward looked vacantly at the table, but seeing no carving knife to remove, waited further orders.

"Thunder and Mars!" roared the captain, "why don't you bring along the carving knife, and wake up?"

"Aye, aye sir, pretty directly," was Stephen's stereotyped answer.

By several similar orders the table was at last covered, and after Stephen had at the special request of the captain taken a survey thereof through the spy-glass, and seen nothing wanting but salt, he was allowed to go; and Bridget coming in at that time with a pitcher full of bilge-water, which she got from the pump, as she stated, created by her mistake such feelings of droll disgust, that the clergyman's son, with all his weaknesses, was for a moment forgotten.

For a moment only. A single sip of the tea showed it to be of most extraordinary strength, as if the boy had taken counsel of his fears, and seeing the approach of a dirty night, had resolved that the officers should be awake and watching. It was indeed strong without a parallel.

"Dish water again!" muttered the captain, as he sung out for "steward."

"Oh, don't be too hard with the poor crature," interposed Miss Bridget, "for shure I knowed he had a failing for bringing down wake tay, and it's a very large handful that I put in meself."

"Steward!" again roared out the captain.

"Was it you called," asked the boy, presenting himself.

"Steward," said the captain, eyeing him sternly, "this is the third time that you have forgotten the tea, and given us nothing but hot water for supper. If it occurs again, look out!"

The boy turned several shades whiter, and almost held his breath in astonishment at the accusation. His knees fairly shook under him, as he lifted up his hands and answered solemnly, —

"Captain, I knowed as how you liked it strong, and so help me God, Davy Jones' locker or not, I put in a heaping quart."

The idea of three pints of tea to about three quarts of water, was so very excellent, that we all drank of the mixture without a murmur. All symptoms of qualmishness immediately vanished, and the cheerful effects of the beverage were soon visible in the extreme gaiety which followed. Old jokes, long forgotten, were dragged from their dormitories, and recracked with a gusto undreamed of in their original career. The Major was decidedly rich in ranger reminiscences, while Tom and I discussed college scrapes, and the ladies of our party with becoming modesty went back to their school days. For

all that our conversation and demeanor showed, we might have been in the extensive kitchen of some old farm-house toasting our shins before a glorious old fashioned wood-fire, to the music of hissing cider and cracking nuts; instead of under the deck of a frail bark, in the depth of winter, on the northern edge of the Gulf, and a wicked nor'wester already muttering in the distance. The captain, too, unbent somewhat from his usual severity, and made another call for the steward, whom he complimented jocosely on the excellence of his tea, assuring him that he freely forgave him for his lack of experience. Which condescension was rather doggedly received by Stephen, who was evidently very foggy as to its import.

The gale soon commenced in good earnest. The creaking timbers, and straining spars — and now and then a thump from a huge sea breaking against our sides — told us that our little vessel was bravely breasting the elements. With the exception of Tom we all retired to our berths; though, thanks to the steward's tea, sleep was out of the question. The little ones alone slept soundly during that war of winds, occasionally aroused by a heavier lurch than ordinary, and immediately relapsing into their quondam state of repose. Tom, attired in a complete suit of pilot cloth, with a most unmistakable sou'wester on his head, announced his intention of standing watch.

"Take good care of the cow, Tom," said one.

"See that there's no foul play in the hen-coop," said another.

"Don't forget to call us," observed the major, "if the cook wants a reef in his stove pipe."

"Mind and don't get asleep, Tom," cautioned the captain, "and no smoking abaft the bobstay."

Tom was not long on deck. He soon returned, drenched through. On being asked how the brig headed, he honestly averred that he did not know, but that she seemed in as great a fix as the man who was knocked into the middle of next week and looked both ways for Sunday. Tom then followed the example of all the rest, and turned in.

"Hilloa," said the major, pointing to the staircase, "here's a living proof of the truth of the assertion made by William Shakspeare, that "there be land rats and water rats," for surely this is one of the latter.

It was the mate, enveloped in an entire suit of rubber cloth, looking as the last man must have done who got into the ark.

Tom inquired if it sprinkled, but the mate, intent upon his duty, proceeded steadily to the state rooms of the second officer, and having first proposed an interrogatory in no whispered tones, as to whether life was extinct in his body, called out grimly, "shorten sail."

This laconic order has never at any other time been heard by me without being accompanied by some shadowy forebodings of evil. It is no cheerful sight to see a poor fellow, just snugly ensconced within his blanket after a weary watch on deck, and fairly embraced in the arms of the "sweet restorer," dreaming perchance soothingly of his hearth-side

and its happy faces, roused suddenly to face the chilling blast, and do combat with the roaring elements on a frail spar high in air; to know that he is to be wet to the skin, and scarcely reclothed ere the same stern summons may call him forth again, or to take the sailor's too frequent lot expressed in their peculiar terms, "to turn in wet and turn out smoking." This has always seemed to me one of the hard things of life; but now the spirit of strong tea was careering madly in our veins, and all this too furnished food for our carousal.

As the gallant fellow went somewhat sleepily but unflinchingly about his task of dressing, and crept up the cabin stairs to answer the requisitions of the howling tempest, and show the wind-god that we were ready to meet him even in his maddest revel, I am sorry to say, that unfeeling allusions were made to umbrellas, india rubber over-shoes, and the like; and Tom went so far as to hint that if working nights was the rule on board of that ship, he should trouble somebody to pass his hat, and go on shore forthwith.

Our spirits never flagged, and what was strangest of all, none of us were sick. Reminiscences of the past flitted drolly before us, and the fun we extracted from every thing about us made that otherwise fearful night pass swiftly by. It is now more than a twelvemonth since. Our little party is scattered far and wide, and one sleeps calmly and forever in the bosom of the sea; but I can recall every incident of that strange scene as vividly as if it were now reacting before me. It was one of those rare moments

of existence when the corporeal frame is in complete subjection to the spirit, which goes revelling through time and space, acknowledging no law but its own wild will; when nothing is so sacred but that we may approach and commune with it, nothing so high and hallowed in man's esteem, but that, if we see it to be false and worthless in itself, we may tear the veil from its ghastly or putrid form, and exult laughingly in the act.

And it was not only of the past that we spoke. The "Jerusalem of our early days" claimed not all our thoughts and conversation. Did we not, from the very nature of our enterprise, belong to the Future? Were we not an outguard of that gallant army already far on its unwavering march to the Pacific shores? Had not the same wild spirit of chivalry animated us, which had sent so many thousands out before, to do battle on a foreign shore for the dear ones left behind, and win for their posterity a name and honor among men? Aye, were we not rather all crusaders — and was not this last crusade the noblest according to the spirit of the age? Is not gold a god, and were we not bound to rescue it from the miserable Indians and Kanakas who from time immemorial have guarded its holy sepulchre?

As we lay there, unmindful of the dangers which encompassed us, we thanked God again, as we had often before done in the solitude of our own musings, for California, his last most acceptable gift to man. It was glorious to think that the glittering metal, which heretofore, in the hands of the cunning, had pos-

sessed power even sufficient to blind the eyes of the beholder, and confuse his notions of good and evil, was there to be found in such masses, that from its familiarity should spring contempt; to think that a new era was indeed dawning upon the world, that the dust of the earth should no longer drive from the threshold all that was best and purest, purchasing for its possessor forbidden joys; that the love of it should cease to absorb the life-blood of the soul, leaving

> "the heart uncheered and void,
> The spirit uncultivated as a wilderness;"

to think that our children should have another standard of greatness presented to them, than that of hoarded wealth; that such things as truth, honor, genius, and brotherly love, might come to be regarded as of some import, and that the multiplication table might cease to be, forever and forever,

> "Their creed, their pater noster, and their decalogue."

The idea was so delightful, that as we discussed it we became almost delirious with joy.

It was very pleasant, too, to think that in the last days of the reign of money, the tables were to be turned, and the old changers to be driven, panic-stricken, from the temple of their Most High; that the sturdy, brave-hearted fellows who sundered every other tie because the galling chain of monopolized wealth was eating into their soul, were one day to take up their homeward tramp, and to meet their old masters face to face, on their own ground, and beat them by long odds. And then we were to

help in our humble way these heroes more speedily on their westward march, till they reached at length the far-famed Sacramento, from whose sunny banks they would laugh back a gay defiance to their quondam oppressors. The thought was really quite convivial.

Hawthorne has said, "It is not good to cherish a solitary ambition." In our little community we conducted things so much on the "mutual admiration" system, that we were in danger of becoming the supremest of egotists, or, as Tom expressed it, of believing ourselves to be "no small beer." Certain it is, that we looked with a sanguine eye upon our enterprise and its probable results, and would have thanked nobody for comparing us to

> "Earth's first kings, the Argo's gallant sailors,
> Heroes in history, and gods in song."

We finally grew tired of laying still, and a proposition to go on deck was immediately acceded to, with uproarious applause.

CHAPTER VI.

FOREBODINGS.

WHERE shall the lover of "the fierce, beautiful, and free," find any thing comparable with a storm at sea. Excuse the rhyme, indulgent reader, which I am ready to take oath was unintentional, and I will spare you the benefit of a rhapsody with which you were on the point of being treated.

We clambered up the cabin stairs, without much regard to precedence. Our costume, for the nonce, would have completely satisfied any admirer of the picturesque. The major was terrific in the second-hand splendor of a defunct Mexican ranchero. Tom had added a red woollen comforter to his bodily attire, which he wore in the form of a sash, with several short pipes and a rusty hatchet stuck therein, while his head gear consisted of a high Dutch cap, with a large pea-green tassel appended to the top. I distinctly remember having a great deal of trouble in hauling on a pair of Cape Cod boots, belonging to the second mate, and losing my balance in a severe lurch of the vessel, which sent me with a tremendous shock agaist the clumsy carcass of the

steward, who, in his turn, passed himself along to the mate's state-room, and brought up there all standing, after having brought down, with a fatal crash, sundry boxes of the occupant's indelible ink, his private adventure. A red steeple-chase jacket, with sad-colored velvet pants, once admired on the course at West Cambridge, and a glazed skullcap, completed my attire. As for the ladies, they were singularly happy in their metamorphosis, habiting themselves in the first garments which came to hand, promising protection from the elements, and these being such feminine articles as monkey-peas, Tom and Jerries, oil-cloth jackets, and every form and shape of tarpaulins, the *tout ensemble* of the group may be easily imagined. I forgot to mention in my account of the major's costume, that his boots were ornamented with a huge pair of Spanish spurs, and his cap being misplaced and no sombrero at hand, he had, in the hurry of the moment, crowned himself with an ancient white silk bonnet, belonging to his worthy lady.

But the fierce grandeur and wild solemnity of the scene, which broke suddenly upon our vision, as we crept from out of the companion-way, I shall never forget. The rain had ceased, though still battalions of dark frowning clouds were visible, hurrying to and fro in different parts of the heavens. The moon was nearly full, and occasionally sailed out in a beautiful blue patch of sky, like a fair queen gazing pitifully over her jarring and tempestuous domain. The mad, roaring, tumbling sea, was lit up by her

glance, and as the wind in its fierceness lifted the spray from the climbing billows, and bore it shivering through our naked masts, it almost seemed that we could see the blast. The wind had shifted to the northeast, and showed no signs of abating. All our canvass was snugly furled except the main-topsail, which they told me was "close reefed," and which, united with the action of the helm, kept the vessel looking steadily to windward. If I felt then, in every fibre of my system, a profound sense of our own insignificance, aye nothingness, surrounded as we were by those mountain billows, either one of which seemed capable of taking us down at a swallow, and closing over our grave without adding another sigh to the mournful rushing of the winds, I must also say, that I felt a corresponding admiration of that tact which so guided our vessel as to enable her to look these billows calmly and steadily in the face, and feel them fall baffled and powerless at her side.

The captain was leaning heavily on the weather quarter-rail, watching alternately the clouds, the sea, and our taper sticks. Bill Smith, the handsome sailor, was lounging idly at the wheel, chewing his weed, and looking as self-possessed as if yarn-spinning in front of his old landlord's house at the North End.

"You seem to be taking it easy, captain," said Tom, saluting him with a jerk upon the green tassel.

"Why, yes," said the captain; "you know the story, I suppose, of the boy who returned from his first voyage, and was asked by his grandmother,

what was the easiest part of the business; 'Laying to,' says he. 'Well then,' said she, 'the next time you go I shall pray that you may lay to all the voyage.'"

"I never felt till now," said Jane, "the full force and beauty of Byron's apostrophe to the ocean."

"You never looked, probably, quite so much like a sailor before," observed Tom, alluding, perhaps, to her oil-cloth jacket and hard-looking Captain Cuttle sort of tarpaulin, which she wore.

"I can now understand that glorious outbreak, commencing —

'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,'

and can see truth as well as the highest poetry in the somewhat heretofore paradoxical allusion to 'music in its roar.'"

"Roaring music," I ventured to observe, "is nothing very unusual; when I was at Cambridge, we were favored with specimens every summer evening in the college yard."

"Those magnificent stanzas about old ocean," continued Jane, "were an appropriate finale to that soul-inspiring poem. Would to God that he had never written more, rather than have left all that he since wrote to the world. His genius was not his master, but his passions, and these made that godlike talent of his cut such droll and ridiculous capers, that no sane mind could ever envy such a constitution. It seems to me, though I never thought of it before, that he has not inaptly described the power of his temperament, over what might be

termed himself, in his figure of the power of ocean over man,

> 'Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
> * * * * * * * *
> And dashest him again to earth — there let him lay.'"

"And there," observed the major, clinching the matter, "as long as truth and faith and honor and a love of genuine poetry exists, he will lay —"

"Eggs?" queried Tom, curtly, but I fear not originally.

Somebody observed to the major, that he did not seem to be an admirer of Byron.

"Admirer!" returned the martial wearer of ranchero finery and Washington street handicraft, 'I hate him, I despise him; the only feeling with which the mention of his name ever inspires me, is one of contempt and loathing. I hate him because he has degraded the name of poet by pretending to the honor. All the best ideas which figure in his works, he stole from his contemporaries, the mawkish sentimentality and beastly degradation which he displays, are original. Carlyle has said, that 'He who would write epic poetry, must make his whole life an epic poem,' and the rule holds good with regard to all poetry. Now if any body can tell me of any thing pure, modest, self-denying, or heroic, in the career of Byron, why he is welcome to my hat!"

"Your bonnet," parenthesized Tom.

"Shelley was a man of many failings," continued the major, "but he was a poet. He didn't get tipsy and abuse the world for recommending him to

keep away from gin shops. There seemed to be a struggle always going on in the depths of his soul for something better, though he hardly knew what. If he, too, warred with the world, he was far from being supremely satisfied with himself. But when a brighter mood was on him, and a glimpse of that heaven, for which he had so long and often vainly wept, was revealed for a moment to his enraptured gaze, with what a shout of wild delight did he soar, like a young eagle regardless of the clouds, and aiming only for the blue ether far beyond. Shelley was often sad, but seldom savage, and sadness is one great element of poetry. If Byron has seemed to describe himself in a measure, in his stanzas to the ocean, may we not also from Shelley's lines to the moon, get some insight into his unquiet character,

> 'Art thou pale for weariness
> Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
> Wandering companionless
> Among the stars that have a different birth,
> And ever changing like a joyless eye,
> That finds no object worthy of its constancy.'"

"All this," said Tom, "is very fine, and reminds me of my college days, and how we used to sonnetize the moon coming back from Boston after the theatre and oysters, but you mustn't feel offended, major, if I should say that you are perfectly bewitching in that exquisite costume of yours, holding on to the belaying pin, and dancing so gracefully to keep yourself on your pegs. What a pity that some of your friends, the capitalists of Boston, couldn't see you now, and listen to your eloquence in behalf of

Shelley, and hear your feeling recital of his outbreak to the moon."

A low suppressed whistle from the sailor at the wheel, drew off our attention from the scurrilous Tom.

"Any tobacco?" inquired he in a very loud whisper, which was just heard above the roar of winds.

"Here's a piece," said my wife, pulling out a large quid from her pea-jacket pocket.

"Knife?" was a second inquiry.

"Here's one," said the major's wife, untying a piece of twine, which bound a huge jackknife to a button-hole of the rough Tom and Jerry, in which her frail form was enveloped.

"This is decidedly patriarchal, and worthy of Brook Farm," observed Tom, drawing a well filled pipe from his sash, "and as you all seem to be enjoying yourselves after a fashion, why I'll follow suit and have a smoke."

As Tom turned off to light his pipe by the binnacle lamp, his wife followed him aft, holding on by the weather monkey-rail. Oh God, what a sudden, chilling, fearful story, went hissing to my heart, as the lamplight fell upon her countenance. What was it there, that made my limbs tremble and refuse me support? What was it, more terrible than the dreadful storm raging above and around us, that overcame me, and almost flattened me to the deck with superstitious dread? Had the solemn, awful truth been hidden from us in sunshine, to strike home with ten thousand times more power at mid-

night, during that raging tempest? In the unnatural beauty of that countenance, and the sparkle of those eyes, I read, as in a book, that one of our party would soon be with us in the flesh no more.

Who has not experienced, at some period of his existence, a sensation as if a thunderbolt hung suspended above his head, and that a breath might cause its fatal fall? Who has never felt a terrible reaction of spirits, that left nothing in the future to desire? Who has never been suddenly possessed with the knowledge, in the midst of gaiety and unbridled enjoyment, that a certain point could not be passed, and that to reach it would be woe unutterable?

I staggered up to where the major stood beside his wife, watching the mountain billows. As they fell you could look far into their depths, and in the moonlight it was easy to imagine strange forms there. The major's wife, who had a peculiar gift, which, as we had often remarked, seemed like second sight, was describing, in graphic language to her husband, what she saw beneath the sea. Her disclosures had evidently been pleasant, up to that moment, as a tranquil smile rested upon the features of each. But when I stood beside them, all at once her expression changed to that of dread. Her face became white with awe, as she described, down, down at the bottom, in the hollow of a coral reef, a corpse in a snowy shroud, and the next instant fell fainting in the major's arms, as she feebly told that in its countenance she had recognised the features of Jane.

They were just descending below the companion-way, and I was assisting my wife towards the same quarter, when a loud shout from the captain, calling us to "hold on," arrested our course. The wind had suddenly shifted back to the northwest, and by its effect on our scanty canvass, had caused the vessel to fall off into the trough of the sea. A huge and wicked looking roller was bearing directly down upon us, and seemed ruthlessly bent on our destruction. We clutched at whatever was nearest, and held our breath as it broke sweeping over us, drenching and almost stunning us with its roar, and carrying with it in its retreat loose spars, buckets, and several other incumbrances of the deck. A piercing shriek from Jane made me cold with terror, and for a moment I thought that my worst forebodings were at once realized, and that the monster billow had borne her off in its embrace. She was standing, however, in the same place as before, and calling upon Tom, whom she missed from the deck.

"All right," sung out a voice about half way up the main shrouds, "you observe that I knew what was coming, and took the precaution of lashing myself here, and it was lucky that I did so, or that rascally sea would have put my pipe out."

The vessel was again brought to the wind, but we were no longer in the mood to enjoy the scene. We were very cold, and had a decided need of dry clothes. The deck was in a very undesirable state of confusion. The pigs, hens, and cow, were all adrift, and made a barn-yard clatter, that at another

moment would have amused us by its droll *contre-temps*.

I saw the ladies safe down stairs, and then followed them, leaving Tom smoking in the rigging.

Oh, if our forebodings were to prove true, what a golden thread would be unwoven out of his gay fanciful existence, and what a wretched blank would life thenceforth be to him!

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH.

Towards morning I fell into a sort of half dozing state, in which my dreams were strangely mingled with a kind of misty consciousness of things around me. Faces, years since, beneath the sod, came and peered at me as I lay there, tantalizing me by their lifelike, gleeful aspect, into a vague doubt of my own identity. Forms that I never had seen, and shall never see again, came apparently out of the ship's timbers, and flitted before me, perplexing me in a vain endeavor to recollect when and where I had met those familiar features. Strange places, and well known places, passed by like a panorama, and frequently two or three different and far apart spots, were united and mystically mixed up together in such a way, that no surprise was felt on my part. In the midst of such grotesque sights and emotions, I was every now and then aware, that a furious gale was raging not far from my dormitory, and that certain lively members of our party were a little silent all at once. There was, too, an idea that returned to me at regular intervals, the idea that is

common as the air or running water, that comes always with all melancholy adjuncts, the solemn idea of death; and in singular conjunction with it came painful sounds from Jane's state-room, which told me that she was very sick, and this distressful noise seemed to give strength and encouragement to the sad idea, which fed upon it. Had I been fairly awake, I should have known it proceeded only from seasickness, and that no fatal results were to be apprehended therefrom.

I also remember, just after the cold dawn of day, the appearance of the dubious steward in the cabin, making some preliminary arrangements for his great business of the day — setting the table. He, poor fellow, was evidently seasick, and staggered about like an uncertain ghost. The captain came down and cautioned him against putting on the rack, as the breakfast things were of no account whatever, and it was of no consequence if every thing did get smashed. The unfortunate Stephen interpreted this command literally, and in a few seconds the din of breaking crockery fell upon our ears, accompanied by a left-handed blessing from the captain, and an idiotic howling from the steward, that was decidedly the worst thing yet.

At noon, when the captain and officers came below to dinner, the former made a gay but futile attempt to "bring us out," by saying that the vessel was off before the wind, scudding under reefed foresail, and that the sea was going down fast, but there was not a solitary resurrection in consequence.

It was not until four o'clock in the afternoon, that the pioneer ventured forth into the main cabin, the redoubtable major, with pale face and tangled hair. With the dogged determination of an inveterate, he proceeded, as straight as his tottering limbs would carry him, to the steward's pantry, where he took from the teapot a pretty stiff "hair of the dog that bit him," and seemed greatly refreshed thereby.

Tom followed, and I not choosing to be left alone, in the enjoyment of inglorious ease, crept out "like snail unwillingly."

The steward produced some cold curried fowl, a bottle of otard, and sea biscuit, by the aid of which we comforted our inner man, and felt better.

The storm was nearly over. About sundown the reefs were shaken out, and our saucy bark again bounded lightly over the waves, leaving the dreary gulf behind us. The night opened finely, and the sea soon became comparatively smooth. More canvass was spread, and the wind being quarterly, every thing told, till we got on the eleven knot order of travelling again, which the captain said was not slow. The ladies were recovering from their sea-sickness, and the children were already well. In fact, as Tom Noddy used to say, "things began to wear a brighter aspect."

The next day was very pleasant, and we were all on deck again — all but Jane, whose stateroom was now a sick chamber. There was a milder atmosphere about us, that was very soothing to our harassed spirits and weary frames, as if the first faint breath of a tropic clime had drifted unawares

to a drearier confine, but there was also that brooding in our hearts, from which coldness irradiated as a centre, more than sufficient to counteract the sunshine of a world.

I would gladly pass over the history of the few succeeding days, for I have no heart to describe their melancholy events. Every thing that unremitting care and cunning remedies could do, was done to no purpose. An insidious disease, whose name and nature we could not even suspect, was swiftly gaining a certain hold, and we felt that Jane must die. After her seasickness left her, her frame seemed wearied out, as if it had long been wasting away, and waited but this last struggle for its final overthrow. Her soul was calm and happy and serene as ever. It seemed as if she was dying of too much spiritual life, as if "the sword was wearing through the scabbard." Poor Tom groped about like a man in a dream, comforting himself solitarily with the hope that his dear wife would soon be well again, and never allowing himself to look forward to the possible end.

It is an old story, that "the good die young," but we can never reconcile ourselves to a belief in its unvarying truth. We have learned from childhood, and perhaps know by instinct, that "like answereth unto like," and that those who have in their nature more of heaven than of earth, soon go to their home beyond the stars. But still we are always cheating ourselves into the conviction, that the exception to the rule will be found in our relations of life. To think that she who was so pure, so modest and

unselfish, and had contributed so essentially to our enterprise, might be taken from us, was like blotting out its very soul, and the mere contemplation of it made us feel as if the "star which led us on" was hidden by a threatening cloud. We had not yet begun to study the solemn lesson which her death was to teach.

But the day came at last. It was a bright sunshiny day, and as warm as our early summer. There was a gentle air stirring from the southwest, which kept us moving, but so steadily that we felt no motion below deck. They had brought Jane from her state-room to the main cabin, where she reclined, propped up by pillows, in a Canton chair. The cabin windows were up, and the mild breeze drawing through caused a delicious coolness. She was unchanged, except that she was paler and thinner than ever, and that her soul shone more vividly through its more transparent dwelling.

It is of no import to this narrative how she died; how we stood about her couch watching the lamp of life, as it flickered and finally went out. We could not weep as we looked upon her, seemingly about to fall asleep, the very ideal of sublime resignation. If we reflected, with a pang of self-reproach, that we had been instrumental in bringing her away from the home circle, she was so well fitted to adorn and beautify, to die in the solitude of ocean, all the sting was gone when our prophetic imagination led us to behold the glory and beatitude of her endless future. It seemed hard that one so young and full of life and hope and happiness should die, but oh,

the unspeakable blessedness of the thought, that death for her was but a translation to a place among the shining ones, who "summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

"I had always thought," said she, looking at us so affectionately, while a half playful smile flitted over her paling features, "to have been buried in the old family tomb in the graveyard on the common, near which children play in summer, and where you and I, Tom, used sometimes to walk on Sunday evenings. But it's no matter if one wayward child is wanting in that decaying household. She was enough unlike the others in her life, and in her death it is, perhaps, fit that she should be separated from them. Only I do not wish for you to think of me as lying cold and solitary ever so far down in the depths of the dark sea, but as being, where I hope soon to be, among the happy spirits whom God loves."

She spoke but little more, for she was growing very feeble.

Tom sat upon the transum by her side, holding her hand, and often imprinting passionate kisses on her brow. He did not weep, and it was evident that he had not begun to realize the dreadful truth. Little Tom's sobs were painful enough. But all could not keep her back one moment from her journey's end. Her last faintly uttered words were of the satisfaction which she experienced in dying, as she did thus far in the realization of a long cherished scheme, and of love and comfort to Tom, and maternal solicitude for her darling boy. When

she had done whispering, the stillness was intense. The breeze seemed awe-struck and had ceased to breathe. In our thoughts we followed her triumphal progress to the very gates of her new abode, and when the stern command was heard from the deck of "Square the yards," it came to our understandings so abrupt and suddenly, that it impressed us as a voice from a lower world, calling us back from spiritual wanderings — Jane was dead!

It is little matter how we buried her the next day in the still ocean, while every member of our ship's company stood by, and some rough faces were wet with tears to which they were little used, as I read aloud the burial service; how bright and serene was the day, without a cloud in the clear depths of the sky, or a ripple on the sea; or how the waters closed so tranquilly about her, that had never embraced a pearl more precious, and how one stood there, and would have given his life for the tears which could not flow, and had sought till now in vain for the meaning of this blow, which had nearly crushed him too.

But that evening, when the pleasant trade wind had reached us, and, with the aid of all her canvass, the brig was going steadily at a brisk rate through the water, and all that remained in this world of what was once Jane, was then down in the deep sea, miles behind us, as I went down into the cabin for a moment, I involuntarily became the witness of a scene which I may be pardoned for alluding to.

The door of the stateroom which she had lately occupied was open, and looking in, I saw Tom with

his face buried in the pillow so often pressed by her. His whole frame shook with agitation, the fountain of his tears was at length unloosed, and he wept like a child. I, who had seen him so often in his careless merry moods, could not but pause to look once upon him in his heart-breaking sorrow. In a moment he raised his head, and folded his hands together, looking upward. My own tears gathered fast, as I gazed upon his face so full of earnest suppliance. But when he spoke I was chained to the spot, for it seemed as if he saw his Maker bending over him to hear and answer. He thanked God first for his great goodness in having given to him, for a companion in his youth, a spirit so pure and lovely, and besought strength to feel always that she was now in her proper sphere, among the happiest on high. And it seemed to me that his terrible bereavement had not been fruitless, when he prayed, oh, how earnestly, that she, who was now a happy angel, might still be permitted to watch over and to guide him as before; and that wherever he might be in all his mortal existence, the recollection of what she was on earth, and the consciousness he felt of her position in heaven, might be ever with him in all temptation, and keep him from every thing that could make him unworthy of their final reunion. It was the outpouring of a soul, that had for the first time, with the strange gift vouchsafed to mortal sorrow, looked deep into the possibilities of his being, and thrown his hope upon Him who is not unmindful of the raven's cry.

I crept back to the deck again. It was a clear

beautiful night. "See," said my wife, as I took a seat beside her on the companion-way, "what a multitude of stars, and how bright. A foolish fancy just came over me, suggested probably by a song of my childhood, that they were angel's eyes glittering with delight, in welcome to a kindred spirit."

CHAPTER VIII.

MOGADORE.

After the melancholy events recorded in the last chapter, nothing further occurred during our outward passage, worthy of special notice. Our enterprise had assumed a new and sublime importance in our eyes, for a sacrifice had been made upon its altar, of all that was most prized and lovely in our possession. There was no longer in our minds a possibility of failure. If the whole earth had risen up in battle against us, there was one in heaven who would pray still for our success, and if the spirits in that freed and limitless abode, have any sympathy with heroism and deeds valiant in unselfishness, were we not sure of the silent breathings of their aid?

The natural elasticity of Tom's temperament had overcome in a degree his first terrible depression, and at times he was, to a superficial eye, as lightsome and fanciful as ever.

The morning of our thirty-seventh day at sea was decidedly a pleasant one. I was awakened at an early hour by a cry of "Land ho!" and was not long in presenting myself on the quarter-deck.

"The coast of Morocco," observed the captain, pointing to a long low dark slip of ground clearly defined against the water's edge, behind which some hazy looking mountains towered heavily to the sky. The first rays of the sun were just peeping over these far off hills, which I knew to be some of the ridges of world-famed Atlas. I was in advance of the rest of our party, and had a moment's leisure to look about me.

How small and frail seemed our vessel, compared with the immensity of the ocean we had sailed over, and the vast, unknown, and dusky greatness of the continent before us. I could not help remarking with a feeling akin to surprise, that the day's work was going on as usual. The men had just finished washing decks, and with their coarse brooms were brushing the stray drops towards the scuppers, very unconcernedly. Bill Smith was at the wheel, where it seemed to me he had been stationed during at least three quarters of the passage, probably because I had always noticed him when there, looking round as usual, but oftener seaward than landward, also very unconcernedly.

The sun was now bursting out in glorious refulgence from a gorgeous mass of clouds hanging about those eastern hills, enveloping his radiance as with voluptuous drapery. Overhead, a more beautiful, unsullied blue was never seen, even in the far spiritual depths of a maiden's eye, than then shone lovingly upon us. The grosser element that sparkled beneath and around, and rippled so carelessly against our vessel's side, had lost all its stern and

dread magnificence, all its silent, solitary grandeur, for there was its compeer, the dark green shore reposing tranquilly at its side. There it lay as it had done since the flood, saying evermore to the waters—"Thus far shalt thou come and no farther."

"Ah, the ebony coast," observed Tom, appearing suddenly from the companion-way, and looking from the shadow of his hand towards the shore. "Little Tom was alway fond of niggers, and he won't see any body else probably, for some time to come."

The Major next appeared, accompanied by the ladies and children, and looking out on the wrong side of the vessel, where of course there was nothing to be seen but water and clouds, observed fiercely that it was "Morocco sure enough."

"If you are looking for land," suggested Tom correctively, "you will be more successful in your glance on the other side of the ship."

The wind was westerly, and we fanned along the coast, growing every moment more distinct and landlike as the sun rose and we drew near.

Early in the forenoon we entered through the northern passage between the island, which makes a natural breakwater, and the main land, and anchored in the harbor of Mogadore.

What a strange sensation is that which one experiences just previous to landing in a strange country. There is a feeling of timorous uncertainty as to what may be our reception, and whether on the whole, we shall come away unharmed, which mingles with and checks our feelings of curiosity, and does much to

modify our pleasant anticipations. It is something similar to that the boy feels on leaving school. His merry sports, his youthful friendships, his little temporary troubles which gave to these the greater zest, are all over, and he stands face to face with the realities of a hard world. The mantle of romance which his boyish imagination had thrown over this untried scene is withdrawn, and he sees, for the first time, the dangers, sorrows, and misfortunes with which it fairly teems. He wonders if the world needs him, and is ready to receive him, and if he on his part is ready for the world. The dingy old school-room, where the hours lagged so wearily, is now his garden of Eden, and Time, the remorseless power which has driven him out. But to go back, would be as impossible as if a sword of fire literally waved over the threshold. His great satisfaction is that he has improved his time of preparation, and fortified himself to the utmost for the conflict which he cannot avoid. There is another time when this same emotion will be felt with a more sublime effect, when the objects that we love are growing faint and dim ;

> " When unto dying eyes —
> Slowly the casement grows a glimmering square ; "

and the tremendous truth comes home that in a few more moments, all the glorious mysteries of the unknown world will be revealed to us face to face; and the awfully thrilling question asked, which, if we can answer to our inward satisfaction, is better than every thing else — " Oh man, what hast thou done in thy long years of life ? "

After dinner we sat on the quarter-deck in expectation of some boat from the shore. The city with its white-washed walls, and its numerous mosques towering above them, made a pleasant appearance from the water. The angle towards us seemed to be a sort of battery, on which several pieces were mounted. The island in our rear was also well fortified. There were no other square-rigged vessels in the harbor, but several fore and aft schooners, luggers, and other small craft.

We were conversing in that listless, straggling manner, which preoccupation of the mind always produces, half sorry at the idea of so soon quitting our little craft, half dreading a further acquaintance with the silent city before us, as yet unhallowed by a single pleasant recollection, unendeared by the presence of a single friend, when of a sudden the Major exclaimed, pointing in a southeasterly direction from the city, —

"There they are!"

We all looked in the direction indicated. About a quarter of a mile distant from where we lay, there was a sandy beach, bordered by a fringe of scrubby bushes, beyond which was a gentle rising ground. Here was a large inclosure, of which the walls must have been some twenty feet high, with a square tower at each angle. A train of camels, amounting to nearly a hundred I should think, were filing round the furthest point, coming to browse on the scanty herbage.

How we all pricked up at the sight. If we had been born and bred camel drivers, and shut up or

exiled for years, we could not have felt a greater joy at being suddenly permitted a sight of our old favorites. The country was no longer a strange one. Here were *individuals* with whom we were well acquainted. It was evident we had got to the right place. Here were the camels at home. We had before seen the animal in menageries in our own country, sleek, bloated, indolent from excess of fat, but how different were these easy loitering gentry, the genuine unsophisticated Simons taking their afternoon lunch at ease down on the seashore.

The spyglass was at once put into active service. These sad-colored, hump-backed, long-sided animals were to our eyes more beautiful than cherubs. The ladies were unanimously in favor of taking the boat at once and pulling over to the beach where the camels were grazing, that we might see the "pretty creatures" nearer; but this proposition was declined as not being very safe to carry out.

At about two o'clock a boat came off from the city. It was manned by a Moor who steered, and four Ethiopian oarsmen. In the stern sheets were two other Moors. They all wore the white turban, and blue or red blankets or haiks. The two Moors not belonging to the boat's crew came on board. One of them proved to be an interpreter, and introduced the other as a revenue officer. He also requested us to go on shore, without delay, as the bashaw or local governor desired to see us and know our business.

We accordingly dressed ourselves for the occasion. The major became formidable in a complete suit of

ranger regimentals, Tom elegant as a private "citizen of credit and renown;" while I attired myself in a costume which had formerly served me on state occasions when consul at —— in South America. A consultation with the interpreter resulted in favor of our families going with us. The captain took the ship papers, and we our several passports and commissions, not forgetting, of course, our grand official letter to the emperor from the American secretary of state.

The two boats pushed off at about the same time. Bill Smith, who was one of our oarsmen, made an ineffectual effort to get some information out of the black oarsmen of the rival boat, as to what fun was going on ashore. Our captain, too, proved himself a genuine Yankee, by putting to the interpreter the stereotyped question of Yankee captains just landing in a foreign country, "Whether he knew any good place in town where he could get washing done."

An interpreter, like a physician, should either be trusted implicitly or discarded altogether. Ours had very coolly taken possession of us, and we seemed governed by his directions. Yet I was not quite satisfied with him. He was an active little fellow, with a not unhandsome face, but he had a habit of watching you as if prying for secrets, which I did not like. In his turn he did not seem to relish being scrutinized, but let his eyes fall whenever they encountered mine. I mentioned the result of my observations to my wife, who had remarked the same propensities. "He seems to me," said she, "like a mixture of a negro and an Irishman, and I don't like either." His name was favorable to this understanding of him. It was Yolo Snazem.

CHAPTER IX.

ALMOST A ROW.

We landed at the great gate opening into the fortress from the water side. There was a large crowd assembled to see us land, composed of Moors, Jews, and Ethiopians, a motley group.

We passed directly through the outer town or fortress, and entered the main city by a second massive gateway. These gates, we were told, were closed at eight o'clock in the evening, and we must be out previously if we did not wish to remain in the city all night.

I was agreeably disappointed in the first appearance of things inside the walls. The city had a much newer and cleaner look than I expected. The streets are strait, but narrow. The buildings are erected, mostly, in the old Spanish style, and of two, and in some cases three stories. They are built of stone and plaster, which gives them a substantial aspect, and are for the most part kept clean and bright with whitewash. The mosques are, some of them, splendid specimens of architecture, and their high minarets with flat roofs, and a balustrade running

round them where the priests officiate in lieu of bells, calling the inhabitants "to prayer," render them exceedingly imposing. The square where the market is held, was quite a gay spot, surrounded by small Jew shops or stalls, where every kind of desirable comfort or luxury was exposed for sale.

The streets were full of people — Jews, Moors, Ethiopians, and here and there a lean, long-limbed, swarthy Arab of the desert, half naked, glancing furtively from side to side, and shrinking away from the too close proximity of the strong shut-up houses, as if he felt a restraint upon his limbs in those narrow streets, and already longed again for the boundless sweep of his sultry sands. There was a plenty of old women and children who cheered after us as we passed, but we saw no young women, unless, indeed, those fat waddling creatures were they, whom we noticed entering the paved court-yard of the mosques, and drawing aside as we passed a little more of the drapery which enveloped their faces, than was usual or necessary for the performance of the habitual ablution before prayers.

Animals of all sorts were passing to and fro in the streets. There were camels and splendid Arab steeds, asses, mules, and oxen, some with riders, others coming in from the different gateways, leading to the country, laden with jars and skins of water, and packs of fruits and vegetables, and others going back empty. We saw nothing of the gloom usually attributed to Moorish cities, and little of the dilapidation spoken of as their characteristic feature. Neither did we observe in the countenances of the

people any signs of the cruelty, treachery, and inhospitality we had been led to expect. In the bright sunshine of that pleasant afternoon the place was certainly as gay, and the people seemed as cheerful and happy, as is customary in freer and better lands.

We found the town residence of the governor shut out from the rest of the place by walls, similar to those inclosing the city. We entered a paved court, kept scrupulously clean, and were directed to one of the many small buildings, of two stories in height, which dotted the inclosure. There were several fountains playing in the yard, and numerous flower-pots containing plants of rare beauty and worth, were placed just within reach of the falling drops. A few tamarind trees were the only other sign of vegetation visible. This was the business office of the governor, and the several buildings were the offices of his secretaries and other local authorities.

We passed through a stuccoed archway, into a paved hall; here were attendants who beckoned us up a broad flight of stone steps, and who also beckoned our interpreter, who was leading the way, to remain where he was, a proceeding I was by no means sorry to behold. Arriving at the head of the staircase, we were received by other attendants in the red cap of the government uniform, who led us through a short, wide passage to the doors opening into the governor's office. One of these preceded us into the room, and leading us up to the governor, who was seated at the farther end, introduced us as the American party. Mats of exquisite fineness were produced, and we were politely motioned by the bashaw to be seated.

The apartment in which we found ourselves was of an oblong shape, and singularly plain and devoid of furniture. The only article which we should class under that head being a long, mahogany table, with a dark marble top, covered with books and papers, and two mahogany lounges, with scarlet velvet trimmings on either side. The walls were decorated with paintings, representing battles and feats of horsemanship. The great distinguishing feature of the room was mats, which were the most beautiful and brilliant I have ever seen. The bashaw himself was seated on a superb one of crimson and gold, with a cushion at his side of the same materials, on which he reclined his arm when writing. His dress was a buff-colored haick, with a close-fitting scarlet jacket, embroidered with gold, inside. A small writing-desk was placed on the floor beside him. There was but one attendant with him when we entered, who was probably a menial, and remained standing.

The bashaw was a man of venerable age, rather under the common size, very dark, but with regular features, an intelligent eye, and a remarkably benevolent expression. His reception of us put us at ease at once. Seeing that we made an awkward affair of squatting on the mats, he politely requested us to remain standing, if we preferred it, or to sit in such posture as was most comfortable to us.

The major then presented our letter from the American secretary. He read it with attention, and laying it down beside him with the remark, that it was worthy of serious consideration, inquired if we had passports. The major produced his Texas

Ranger commission; Tom, who was deficient in this respect, slipped his hand slyly round to the captain's pocket, and pulled out the ship's register; the captain luckily had also his crew list, with his own name at the head, and I was provided with my old consular commission. These papers were quite satisfactory, though I thought I detected rather a knowing look in the old bashaw, as his eye glanced at them, and Tom bowed in acknowledgment of the name of Mr. Double Eagle.

The major inquired what would be the probable effect of our prayer for permission to export camels from the empire.

"It is difficult for me at present," answered the governor, "to pass an opinion; I think well of the enterprise, however. Indeed, I have often wondered that a nation like yours, making so extensive a use of the horse, mule, and ox, should not have availed itself of the aid of the camel in long and perilous routes."

"It has been doubted," observed the major, "whether they would thrive on our soil and climate."

"The camel is an animal adapted to every soil and every climate. Indeed, we have within the dominions of the emperor, all grades of climate, and every species of soil, and in no one part can the camel be said to thrive better than in another. But he is our wealth, an important portion of our population. Liberal as is Muley Abderrhaman in his commercial ideas, I am strongly inclined to doubt whether he will consent to the introduction of a business which may eventually cripple our internal commerce, and make

us more dependent on outside communication than we have hitherto been. The emperor, however, is fond of money-making. That portion of your letter which alludes to the lucrative advantages to be derived by this empire in the course of the traffic, may not be without its effect. The document shall be sent to Morocco without delay, and a speedy action prayed for. It may, however, be weeks, even months, before we have a final decision. In the meantime have patience, for I will do what I can."

He then questioned us somewhat of the affairs of our country, and particularly of California, in which state he seemed to take a particular interest. Before dismissing us he gave to each one a bow of scarlet ribbon to be worn on the cap or bonnet, which would be a sign to his subjects that we were in his favor, and any harm done to us would be visited by his especial displeasure.

"These ladies," said he, bowing with an air of gallantry that would have done no discredit to an European prince, while he handed the ribbons to our wives, "must be careful to veil their beautiful faces, if they would avoid coming to harm."

Having put a private mark upon our papers, he handed them back to us, and we were again intrusted to the charge of the attendant who had introduced us.

On descending to the hall we found a table spread with milk, bread and fruits, which attention, we were told, was a mark of respect and affection on the part of the bashaw. We partook of these refreshments, and then sallied forth again into the street, highly pleased with our visit.

We strolled along, making our observations on the place and people, till we came to the eastern gate, leading out into the plain. The prospect beyond was solemn and dreary. A vast ocean of sand lay stretched before us to the horizon, ruffled in some places into small hillocks, like waves, but generally smooth as a summer's sea. A few parties of horsemen and camels were visible, looking like dark, flying dots on this broad field.

We visited two or three of the vegetable gardens, which abound in the suburbs of the town, examining the great varieties of produce there growing. At one of these a young Moor came in on a heirie or swift running camel. The animal had evidently been hard pushed, for it lay down immediately on coming in, panting heavily. The young man took a goat-skin from his saddle, which he said contained oranges from Morocco. He informed our interpreter, in answer to his inquiries, that his cousin was sick in the house, and that the evening previous she had asked for oranges. There were none to be had in Mogadore, and he had saddled his heirie, the fastest beast in the city, as he said, and gone to Morocco to procure them, in proof of which he unfastened his sack, gave us a handful, and then hurried into the house. I half suspected, from his zeal in answering his cousin's wishes, that she sustained a still more tender relation to him than that of cousin.

From Mogadore to Morocco and back, within the space of twenty-four hours, was certainly great travelling. However, as the young man made no boast of the achievement, and as our interpreter

appeared to believe the statement, we accepted it as another wonderful instance of the fleetness and power of endurance of the running camel. On such an animal as that same heirie, I have no hesitation in saying that a person familiar with camel riding, could go from Independence to San Francisco in twenty days.

The loose sand beneath our feet made walking extremely painful to us, who had so long been unaccustomed to any exercise, so we turned back and entered the gates just as the sun was setting.

As we were hurrying through the streets, filled with people answering the call "to prayers," which now rang out clear and distinct above all the bustle of the town, from a score or more of sentry-like minarets, anxious to reach the water side before dark, our progress was suddenly interrupted by a crowd of people gathered before a house of rather more than ordinary pretensions. There were some four or five persons seated on mats in and about the arched door-way. The rest were standing or squatting outside. The principal actor in the group seemed to be an old Jew, who stood in the midst of the latter class, and had apparently been wronged out of something, for he was wringing his hands and moaning piteously.

"Oh, I am ruin, I am ruin, he hash taken mine all, and I am a ruin man — oh dear, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

At this juncture some four or five camels were seen approaching, at a furious rate, from the opposite part of the town. They were riden bare-backed,

and the riders were Bill Smith and the rest of our boatmen. They came on, holding fast to the long hair on the hump, shouting and waving long sticks of the cactus over their heads, which had served them as spurs in their crazy tramp. It was easy to see that they had been drinking.

"Hulloa," said Bill, dropping off of his camel and mixing with the crowd, "here's fun, boys, come on!"

The Jew continued to wring his hands and repeated his complaints.

"Never mind the blubbering, old Shylock," said Bill, "we'll see you righted. What's gone, old fellow?"

"A peautiful gold vatch and chain," said the Jew, "in a rich diamond case."

"And who's got it?" asked Bill.

The Jew pointed to a bluff, stupid looking Ethiopian, who sat very coolly in the door-way smoking and drinking tea. He was attired in the costume of a Talb or priest, and wore about his neck the identical gold watch and chain which the Jew had lost.

"And is there no justice in Mogadore," inquired Bill, assuming a consequential air, "to force the black scoundrel to restore his stolen property?"

"Tere ish none for mine peoples," answered the Jew.

"Then," said the sailor, approaching the Ethiopian, who maintained the same indifferent aspect, "Judge Bill Smith will see that restitution is made forthwith; come, old padre, hand over the plunder,

or I'll put daylight through your black timbers in less than no time!"

As the learned man continued to smoke tranquilly, and took no notice of the *soi-disant* judge, Bill removed the watch and chain from his person, and handed it over to the Jew, who trembled, on receiving it, more than ever.

Bill, then, flourishing his cactus club over his head, called out, "Make a ring, come on, padre," and placed himself in fighting attitude.

But it seemed that Bill and the padre were not likely to have it all their own way, for as soon as the horror, which took possession of the crowd, on beholding the person of a Talb violated in this unceremonious manner, had somewhat subsided, a score of cimeters flashed before us, and the major, Tom, and I, were obliged, in self-defence, to handle our revolvers, while our sailors flourished their cactus sticks about like madmen, in expectation of fun.

"The first man that dares to strike, plug him in the right shoulder," sung out the major; "we've got charges enough to cripple 'em all."

No blood was spilt, however, for to our great astonishment, just as the skirmish was about to commence, the Jew walked up to where the Ethiopian was setting, and in the most cringing, fawning manner, invested his person again with the watch and chain.

"Fight your own battles in future," muttered the major, striding off majestically with his little wife

under his arm, not a little chagrined at the turn matters had taken.

The man Bill shook the poor old Jew till I thought he would shake him into his boots, and then, shaking his fist to the Ethiopian, with the air of a man who was a little uncertain as to which side he was fighting on, followed us with the other sailors, all five singing and shouting like demons.

We were pretty well tired with the day's adventures, and lost no time in getting to the boat. When we reached her, and were fairly seated, it was quite dark.

We were on the point of pushing off, when we heard a voice calling us to stop. It proved to be the old Jew, who had followed us to apologize and explain his conduct.

"Shentlemens," said he, holding himself steady by the rail of the boat, "it vash vell meant, it vash vell meant, shentlemens, you ish noble shentlemens, to take te part of te despised old Jew, but vat mosht be, mosht, you knows, shentlemens, tat te man vith my vatch and chain ish a religious man, and mosht have his own vay in all tings.

"Shentlemens, I have von daughter, von only daughter; shentlemens, you do not know mine daughter, Ruth, how peautiful she ish, and how pure and precious in mine eyes; shentlemens, this peastly negro hash cast hish eyes upon mine daughter, and vould take her to hish own house — ugh.

"Shentlemens, you understand me now, I carried the vatch to excite his cupidity, knowing that he vould shteal it, as I vould throw a piece of meat to

a tiger who vash coming to devours me. Vell, he shtole the vatch, and I have proof, but if he comes to shteal mine daughter, he vill take care that I shall not have proof. But if he triesh I shall show to the bashaw, who ish a good man, that he hash taken mine vatch, and he vill believe that he vash going to take mine daughter.

"Shentlemens, you ish noble shentlemens, vat you have done vash vell meant. To-morrow, if you vill pleash, you shall come to mine house in te millah, and mine daughter shall shing you te shongs of mine peoples."

Here was a chapter for you on the beauties of avarice! That decrepid old man, whose form was growing fainter and fainter in the darkness, till it finally mingled itself with the black shadow of the rock beneath which he cringed, as we looked back upon him from our boat, had left the home of his nativity in early youth; throughout his long life had been a wanderer, submitting to every species of insult and injury, and in his feeble old age had subjected his daughter, who was perchance beautiful as the morning, and, at any rate, was to him as the apple of his eye, to the possibility of indignities, for which the pen has no name, and to a worse than life in death, in the sensual society of a filthy negro — and all for what — money.

CHAPTER X.

A JOURNEY ON CAMELS.

The next day we called upon the Jew at his house, in the millah or Jews' town, which is a separate inclosure within the main walls, having gates which are opened and shut in conformity with the regulations of the principal town.

The internal appearance of his house showed no signs of that ruin, which the Jew announced the day previous as having fallen upon him. It was filled with every comfort and luxury which could add grace or richness to the view, and there was visible in every arrangement a certain elegance and good taste, which bespoke, plainly enough, the presence of gentle woman.

And here Ruth, the Jew's daughter, came and sang to us the songs of her people. Here she sang, the frail, beautiful daughter of a generation once the favorite of heaven, accompanied by the music of the harp; such grand old melodies, deep toned and solemn, as carried our souls back to those simple, sublime and patriarchal days, when her long buried ancestry walked the earth and held converse with the

Lord. And at times she sang a wild, lawless, restless, plaintive air, the most mournful and heart-breaking I ever heard, and in it was the story of her people's homelessness — their wrongs — their sorrows — but no word of hope. It was like the outbursting of a soul that remembered the heaven it had lost, but had no desire even left to revisit it. A few days after, on the desert at night, when we were encamped far from human habitation, I heard a sound which impressed me similarly. A solitary Arab passed our tent, urging his swift hierie to the utmost, and as he rushed by and disappeared in the trackless waste, he sent forth a howl that seemed to come from the very depths of a lost spirit. All the next day his image haunted me, hurrying purposeless and despairingly over the vast nothingness of the desert; and when darkness covered the earth, finding no confidant of his remorseful outbreaks but the night wind.

We visited the Jew's house frequently during our stay at Mogadore, but could never engage his daughter in conversation. When pressed to converse, she would rise abruptly and leave the room. All her life and energies were bound up in music, and all her songs were of her people. It seemed as if the early greatness of her race, their subsequent misfortunes and injuries, and their final social outlawry, had come down on the wind from periods long passed, and she was the Æolian harp through which they floated in majestic or mournful melodies.

We had been in Mogadore some few days when, one morning Mr. Yolo Snazem, our interpreter, came

off with more than usual meaning in his countenance. He informed us that a small caravan of fifty camels was to leave on the morrow for Wed-noon, the residence of an American gentleman by the name of Vinal, of whom we had heard a good deal since our arrival. This gentleman had a splendid town establishment in Mogadore, but seldom resided there, being, as we understood, an eccentric individual, who preferred his place at Wed-noon, where he was a kind of prince, and often made excursions far into the desert with the wandering Arab tribes, or cruised about the coast, or to the Canaries and Cape de Verde islands, in his fast sailing yacht.

We also learned from our interpreter that this same Mr. Vinal was a large landed proprietor at Wed-noon, that he owned whole caravans of camels, and that he had great influence over the wandering tribes who came there occasionally for supplies. As he never gave us any personal description of him, and always mentioned his name with the profoundest respect, I figured him to myself as a venerable man, who was spending the last remnant of his days in this self exile, hoping, perhaps, to do something to atone for early errors, or to wipe away the too bitter recollection of some crime of his manhood. I thought it probable that he was a man of science, and had exhibited certain feats of skill in presence of these roving Arabs, which had won their admiration and esteem.

Our interpreter had often suggested to us a journey to Wed-noon, for the purpose of consulting with this gentleman relative to the best plan to be pursued in

the furtherance of our voyage. He had given us to understand, that if Mr. Vinal should be favorably disposed towards our enterprise, there was nothing to prevent its immediate fulfilment; that Wed-noon was out of the dominions of the emperor, and Vinal could do there as he thought fit in all respects; that the place possessed an excellent harbor, and that the camels could be embarked there as easily as at Mogadore. On the other hand, he urged that it was uncertain what would be the final decision of the emperor, in our case, and that, at all events, we would be delayed a long time in waiting for it. He said we could make it appear to the bashaw that we were going on a pleasure excursion down the coast, and would let the brig follow us along shore, so that in the event of our finding camel-riding too hard for us, we should have the means of returning by water.

We assented to his views, with the exception of the characteristic piece of deception recommended at the close, which of course we utterly repudiated, and decided to start the next morning, taking advantage of the convoy which he had recommended. Besides the possibility of his suggestion resulting favorably, we were desirous of seeing the country a little in the interior, of having a ride on camels, and of becoming further acquainted with the eccentric and mysterious Mr. Vinal, of whom we had heard so much.

The cook was ordered to boil a quantity of beef, which, we were told, was considered by the devidjis, or camel drivers, as a luxury. This, with two bags containing sea-biscuit, was all the preparation which we thought absolutely necessary to make

in the way of provisions, trusting to our companions to furnish us with such other articles of food as the country might afford. After dinner we visited the bashaw, acquainting him with our determination of visiting Mr. Vinal at Wed-noon, which he seemed to think well of, but respectfully submitted it as his opinion that we should have to return to Mogadore to embark our camels, adding with a smile, that we would soon be able to judge for ourselves of the facilities of Wed-noon as a seaport.

As soon as the gates were opened next morning, our interpreter came off and informed us that the camels were saddled and packed, and the train awaiting us at a well just outside of the city. It was probably a vague recollection of what I had read in boyhood, of shipwrecked mariners and Christian travellers being seized by the inhabitants of the country we were to pass through, held as slaves, and large sums demanded for their ransom, that made me decide to take with us the coin we had brought for the purchase of the camels. It was in doubloons to the amount of five thousand dollars, and put up in four wash-leather bags. These bags I put into a pair of saddle-bags, the key of which I kept in my pocket, and resolved not to lose sight or feeling of them during the journey. At the earnest request of the women, who, from seeing the prowess of our captain on shipboard had evidently acquired a sort of floating idea, that he was invincible under all circumstances, "Uncle Jim" was induced, somewhat against his own wishes, to accompany us, leaving the brig to be taken around to Wed-noon by

the mate. Our luggage was soon ready and we set off.

At a little distance from the south gate we found the train awaiting us at a well, as Yolo Snazem had stated. It was now about eleven o'clock, and a fine clear beautiful morning, rather warm to be sure, but not oppressive. The gateway was crowded with camels, horses, asses, and oxen, as we passed through, and the plain outside in the immediate vicinity of the town, was fairly alive with these animals and their riders and attendants. It resembled very much the thronged entrance to the harbor of a great commercial city, and was not unlike it in reality; for these animals were the ships of that country, and some of them coming from the Arab douars of the desert, or the Berber fortresses in the mountains, bore a freight of ostrich feathers, gold dust, ivory, and leopard skins, equal in value to the cargo of many a gallant argosy. On this part of the plain were fragments of ruined walls or monuments, erected, doubtless, in honor of some Mohammedan saints, giving a certain character to a scenery which otherwise, without the presence of animal life, would have been dull and desolate enough.

The well at which our camels had watered, and in the neighborhood of which they were now grazing, was rather a cistern than a well. It was some twenty-five feet in length, and eight to ten in width, sunk perhaps five feet into the sand, and stoned and plastered within. Over it, rising about six feet, was a flat roof, covered with reeds and mud smoothly plastered, and supported by stout poles. On this

roof and on the sand beneath were stretched the forms of our future travelling companions, all except one who appeared to be a sentinel, sound asleep. The scene reminded me of a passage in Byron's dream, only the boy was wanting:

> "* * * in the last he lay,
> Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
> Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
> Of ruined walls that had survived the names
> Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
> Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
> Were fastened near a fountain, and a man
> Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
> While many of his tribe slumbered around;
> And they were canopied by the blue sky
> So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
> That God alone was to be seen in heaven."

Our arrival was the signal for arousing the sleepers, who at once proceeded to get their camels in order for a start. Our interpreter pointed ours out to us, with the remark that they were easy-going beasts, and he had no doubt that we should enjoy the ride finely. They were four in number, saddled with the ungainly Moorish appliances which, if they are as uncomfortable to the animal as to the rider, afford the best evidence yet of his patience and long suffering. I shall not attempt, by a minute description, to convey to the indulgent reader an idea of the *physique* of these abominable contrivances, for although I might be successful in this, I am certain that an idea of their *morale* could not be conveyed in words. They were, however, firmly fastened with girths and cruppers, and their white cotton

awning falling over the extremity of the poles, to which the camel's hide, forming the seat of this kind of saddle, is attached, gave them rather an inviting appearance from the outside. This awning is stretched on stout twigs rising from the extremities of the saddle or basket platform, and meeting in the centre at a height of about four feet. Our platforms might have been four feet square; rather snug accommodations, one would think, for two grown people. But two of our camels were to carry three each, no extra provision having been made for our two children. Any complaints, however, that we might had in contemplation, were nipped in the bud by Mr. Snazem, who told us that these saddles were the latest improvement, and decidedly superior to any thing before known in the country. The driver, by this "late improvement," had a kind of box seat in front of the hump, where he sat with his legs crossed, resting his feet on the camel's neck.

The devidjis came to assist and packed our luggage snugly, I taking care to have the money-bags stowed within reach of my legs, that I might occasionally satisfy myself as to their whereabouts. We then entered our tents, rather than vaulted into our saddles, and at a kind of cluck from one of the drivers, our well-trained animals rose steadily and quietly, placing us at a height of nearly nine feet from the ground. At another cluck, they proceeded with a long swimming stride, on their sandy track. We drew back our awnings and looked from one to another, in delight, for we were in great spirits.

We were travelling in Indian file. The camel di-

rectly in front of the one occupied by my wife, little Warren, and I, was ridden by Captain Wilson, Tom, and young Tom. The next one behind us bore the major and his wife. In the rear was a gaunt, bony, high-actioned camel, freighted with the two Irish girls, who soon gave evidence of the comfortable qualities of their animal and appliances, by manifesting symptoms similar to those attending sea-sickness.

We went on our way, keeping near the beach, passing on our right, at the distance of about a couple of miles from the city, a plastered stone wall, with a front of over two hundred feet, back of which were four distinct roofs covered with green tile, gently sloping upward to a point in the centre. Our interpreter informed us that this place belonged to Muley Abderrhaman, emperor of Morocco, and was his residence during his occasional visits to the seaboard.

We shortly after came into a forest of argan trees, loaded with their yellow fruit. In the midst of this wilderness, we sometimes passed an inclosure of thorn bushes, within which we heard the bark of the African dog, but saw no person. We again crossed a short barren strip of sand with a few hillocks, visible in the distance on the seaward side of us; and passing next the dry bed of a river, we came upon a mountainous country, which promised views more varied and romantic than we had yet seen. After going through a narrow passage in the nearest hill, we entered a valley of great beauty; on either side of us were towering mountains, and at their base were rows of vegetable gardens, with

houses thinly scattered amongst them similar to those in the vicinity of Mogadore. These were abundantly watered by streams from the hill sides, and contained many varieties of vegetables in full ripeness. On leaving this delightful spot, which must have been some five or six miles in length, we came again into the region of sand. Here the plain extended to the ocean, of which we had a fine view, not many miles distant. It was now nearly sundown, and to our great joy our drivers proposed encamping for the night. They chose a gently rising ground, in the vicinity of which were some bushes of the sullen thorn and prickly pear, on which the camels browse mostly in these regions, and unpacking their tents, proceeded to pitch them and make arrangements for supper. I was told that we encamped here in preference to remaining in the valley, for the purpose of allowing the camels to graze at large, which they are prohibited from doing in cultivated tracts.

We had good reason for being tired, for unused as we were to this kind of travelling, we had, nevertheless, made a distance of about fifty miles since we set out.

While things were being made cosy, we sent into the valley for vegetables and chickens, and with what we brought with us made a very tolerable supper. The water, from being carried all day in goat-skins, was rather warm, and had a flavor which I did not quite like. We had, however, plenty of camels' milk, which has not a bad taste and is considered highly nutritious.

We retired to rest soon after supper. Separate tents had been provided for those of us who had families, and wearied as we were with our hard day's journey, the coarse mats on which we lay, were as grateful to us as downy beds, and I believe that we all slept soundly till morning.

We were awakened before sunrise by the men who went out to milk the camels, which is always done late in the evening and early in the morning, when the night winds have sufficiently cooled the bags. After this operation our companions all came forth, and having gone through the motions of washing with sand for lack of water, prostrated themselves upon the plain with their faces towards the east, repeating at the same time passages of the Koran. This being done we made a frugal breakfast of bread and camels' milk, struck our tents, repacked our animals, and were again ready for a start.

The sand plain where we encamped was bounded by a stream of several rods in width, which we forded and then began to ascend the mountain ridge beyond it. After clambering a rocky, precipitous ascent to a height of more than twelve hundred feet, we came to a level tract of cultivated ground nearly a league in extent. Our way down on the south side led through a sombre narrow passage in the mountains, in many places over loose sharp rocks, and had our camels not been remarkably sure-footed, I should have trembled more than once at the dismal and dangerous prospect. In some places we travelled on the edge of an abrupt descent of several hundred feet, where the path was only of sufficient width to admit of one camel passing at a time, and

where a false step would have hurled us to destruction. The jerking, jolting gait of our animals over this uneven ground was very painful. The road, however, grew rather worse than better, and we continued over this rocky, hilly tract till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when, to our great relief, we entered the walled town of Agadeer. Having arranged with our companions to meet again at one o'clock at the south gate, we left them and proceeded to the house of a friend of our interpreter's, where we partook of a generous repast.

We were not more than half rested when we were ordered again into our saddles, being told that it was the intention of our party to reach a river some fifty miles distant by nightfall. On leaving the town of Agadeer, we descended the mountain still further till we came to a broad level tract of sand, which extended before us as far as the eye could reach. Our interpreter informed us that this was an arm of the great Zahara. Up to the time of our arrival at Agadeer, we had no lack of company. Caravans of camels, droves of oxen, asses and sheep, and companies of horsemen, numbering in some cases several hundred, were constantly encountered. We were seldom out of sight of houses, gardens, or tents, and never but when our view was shut in by the mountain sides, — but now we saw before us nothing but a barren, lifeless sweep, without a tree or plant or sign of animal life on the whole of it. Our camels were here allowed a few minutes to gather wind and browse upon the prickly shrubs growing upon its margin, and then, in obedience to a well-known shout

of the devidjis, launched forth upon this trackless main, and the soil being favorable to fast travelling, set out into a brisk jolting trot.

Ha! the Desert! — the solitary land, the waste place of the whole wide earth — Zahara, — type of whatever is lonely and desolate, we were on thy broad bosom, with thy merciless sands about us. How we went floating over thee, huge, swift, shadowy and noiseless, like a sad colored cloud that had settled earthward, and was borne onward by the wind. What to us were the petty things of life, its hopes and hungerings, "its weary round of toil and pleasure," — we were free of them all. The polished denizen of towns may turn his back upon thee, and prate wisely of thy hardships and dangers, seeing no beauty and sublimity in thy majestic face, no freedom in thy boundless sweep. And, thou too, wild rover of the plains, that mightest teach thy defamers a lesson of fearlessness and self-denial, and many another simple virtue, let the sluggard and the coward writhe and shrink, whenever thy shadow falls upon their palsied souls, and level at thee the rifle of their abuse, looking only with staring eyeballs at thy one great vice as if they never planned or plotted how they could best legally prey upon each other! And what, if at times stung with a sense of thine own deprivations, and scenting from afar the banquet in which thy fellows are indulging, thine appetite becomes aroused, and thou bearest down upon the defenceless, taking from them their best and dearest? Comes not thus the eagle from his eyrie, and is he not called the noblest of birds?

In the course of the afternoon we saw a troop of ostriches and several gazelles, all travelling eastward, — animals frequently seen upon the desert, where their fleetness enables them to pass from one oasis to another.

About an hour before sundown a wind-squall passing over us, and raising a perfect storm of sand, gave us an opportunity of beholding the beautiful adaptation of the camel to the regions in which he is found. Seeing its approach, our drivers drew their haicks over their heads, and ordered us to close our awnings tightly. The camel on which I was riding raised his neck perpendicularly to remove his head as far as possible above the flying sand, and letting his heavy eyebrows fall over his half-shut eyes, and shading his nostrils in a similar manner, kept on his way as silently but steadily as in the mildest weather. What a soothing reflection, that He who sendeth rain alike upon the just and the unjust and who gave the faithful mountain dog to the crag-leaping Switzer, and the swift reindeer to the snow-begirt Laplander, gave also the camel to the wandering Ishmaelite.

The squall was soon over. We now passed several large sand drifts, some of them apparently twenty feet in height, and a little after sundown, reached the river, called in the language of the country, El-wad-sta. It was a stream of considerable importance — fifteen or twenty rods in width, and composed of delicious water. Here we encamped, having travelled nearly eighty miles since morning. A short distance above us was a cluster

of Arab tents; one of our men immediately started off in that direction on a kind of exploring expedition, and returned with a piece of camel's flesh, which after being broiled formed no unimportant item of our supper. We again retired early and slept soundly.

CHAPTER XI.

WED-NOON.

The next morning, after milking the camels, filling our water-bags, and going through their devotions, our devidjis gave the signal for another start.

We left the arm of the desert behind us, and came again into a fertile and cultivated country, chequered with immense forests of argan trees. It was called the land of the Shilluh, an independent race, although the Emperor of Morocco holds a nominal dominion over them. During the day we passed several small villages, situated for the most part on the banks of inferior streams, some of them making pretensions to a mud-wall, which was, however, open in spots, and of little use for any purpose of protection. Along the banks of these streams were gardens, and in some quarters were wide fields of barley. Besides the vast tracts of the argan, we often encountered the olive, fig, date, pomegranate, orange and palm trees, and saw grazing on all sides, large herds of camels, horses, asses, sheep, goats, and other horned cattle. In this country there are many Jews who keep depots of European merchandise,

which they sell for money, or barter away for honey, wax, hides, oil, ivory, and dried dates. At one of these places we dined. The dog of a Jew had French soup, meats and fish, hermetically sealed in tin, which, with some dry old port, made us a good dinner, and on that occasion we dispensed with salt beef and camel's flesh. For the whole day we had not lost sight of the ridges of Atlas looming up grandly on our left, with the sunshine falling coldly on their snow-capped summits. At nightfall we pitched our tents again on the frontier of a small sand-patch, having made our best day's work yet by travelling over ninety miles.

Notwithstanding our long ride, we were, strange as it may seem, not so tired as on the previous evenings. Our road had been smoother, and we had learned to accommodate ourselves somewhat to the camel's jerking pace. After supper we spread our mats outside of the row of tents, and reclining on them, lit our cigars, prepared to take a little quiet comfort and enjoy the beauty of the scene. The small moon was but a little above the horizon, shedding a faint glimmer upon our recumbent forms, and lighting dimly the many strange and picturesque objects with which we were surrounded.

It was here that we were favored with another striking illustration of the wonderful gift of second sight possessed by Mrs. Wallack. We were reclining, as I have said, outside of the tents, when during a pause in the conversation, we heard the major's wife calling out in a low timorous tone,

"Charles, Charles, take my hand; sit by me; oh, I am afraid."

"There is nothing to be afraid of here," said the major, tenderly taking her hand as she requested, "we are all by you; tell me, what do you see?"

For a moment she made no answer. She was reclining like the rest of us, but her form was motionless, her eyes were directed towards the sand, a few paces distant, and but for their being half open, her whole appearance would have been that of a person asleep.

Another shade of terror came over her face, and she again murmured, "Charles, where are you?—hold me tight—oh the waves are breaking in upon us."

Then becoming more calm, she continued, still speaking in a low hesitating tone, "Ah yes, I see you now, for there is a vivid flash of lightning which seems to last. You are all here; this is you, Charles, and there is Tom; and yes, there is Mr. Warrener and his wife; but where are we—how came we here?"

"What further do you see?" inquired the major.

"We are on a dreary, dismal rock," she answered feebly;" in the middle of the ocean; but no, there is land only so far away that we can just see it when it lightens. And the sea is foaming and boiling all around us. It is very dark, and it rains hard, and the waves are gaining on us. We shall be lost, oh we shall be lost!"

And she again relapsed into her mood of terror. Soon her face brightened and she murmured with a pleasant smile, "But here is a bird, a beautiful white bird, circling about us. It has come to

help us I know, it looks so good — I am not afraid now."

Again her mood changed suddenly, and the old look came back as she gasped out in accents of alarm, "The bird is leaving us; it has gone now, and we are alone; oh, we shall be lost, we shall be lost!"

And then after the lapse of a few minutes, came a final burst of sunshine over her tranquillized features, as she faltered in heartfelt notes of gratitude and delight, "The beautiful white bird is coming back, yes it is coming back, and we shall be saved; and there is a man following it who has come out of the water — it has saved him and it will save us. Oh, we shall be saved, saved;" and with a pleasant smile upon her face, she fell off into profound slumber.

Some one observed that this mood of mind was probably the result of severe bodily fatigue, and as no other solution of the enigma was offered, we accepted this for the present, and retiring within our respective tents, were soon, if my case was not exceptional, in a state of profound repose.

The fresh dewy breeze of the morning, the spirited exercise of striking and packing our tents, shook off any cob-weby remains of sadness, which Mrs. Wallack's revelations of the preceding evening might have left lingering about us. Before the sun was an hour high we were off on our last day's journey towards Wed-noon, now at a distance of some fifty miles. Early in the forenoon we passed a narrow defile leading through the Atlas mountains, and then came into the valley on the west, in which are situated

many of the principal towns of South Barbary. The country now began to present an appearance of great interest and beauty. Immense fields of wheat, barley, and Indian corn, were visible on every side, gardens of vegetables in luxuriant bearing, and plantations of date, fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, almond, olive, and argan trees, gave a cheerful and refreshing aspect to the scenery, while the numerous houses, and small walled towns, dotting the entire valley with their crowd of inhabitants clustering like bees about the doors and gateways, and surrounded as they mostly were with herds of the domestic animals, gave it a character at once lifelike and patriarchal. We were informed that these little communities considered themselves entirely free and independent — that they had each a special government of their own — headed by a chief of their own choice; but that in case of attack from an outside force, all united for the general defence, and in the event of any crime of magnitude being committed, the suspected party was sent to Wed-noon for trial. The cattle which we saw grazing so freely at large, were at night driven within the inclosure of the walls to protect them from the predatory attacks of their little scrupulous neighbors.

Towards eleven o'clock, "the sun being over the foreyard," as our captain figuratively remarked, we entered the little town of Akkadia, where we had a lunch of dried fruit, bread and camels' milk.

Here, strange to say, we missed our interpreter. He had been with us in the morning, for I recollected well his assisting to pack the camels. What

could have become of him? We had none of us been altogether pleased with him. Still we had never quarrelled, and could imagine no reason for his leaving us in this unhandsome manner.

As we passed out by the southern gateway, we saw at a short distance in advance of us, a long train of camels numbering, I should think, some two hundred. They were also travelling southward, but we, bearing the lighter weight, speedily overtook them. Their freight consisted of Guinea cloth, gums, dried dates, argan oil, ostrich feathers, ivory, and gold dust. In addition to their half dozen attendants walking alongside, all dressed in uniform, and distinguished by a strip of blue cotton wrapped about the lower part of their white turbans and dropping on the left side nearly to the hip, was a person in more elegant attire, riding on the foremost camel of the train. Over his dress of a wanderer he wore a flowing robe of camels' hair, curiously embroidered with blue and scarlet. He was furthermore attired in red morocco leggins fastened to a pair of Moorish slippers, and broad belts of the same color and material, crossing at the breast and back. From these were suspended a brass mounted powder-horn of extra dimensions, and a brightly burnished cimeter. On the left side of his saddle was fastened a long French musket, elegantly decorated with silver bands. Around his waist he wore a broad sash of blue silk, and another was twined about his turban, and hung down upon his left side in a similar manner to the cotton head-gear of the attendants.

But notwithstanding, his dress was studiously that

of a native of the country in which we were travelling, and his bushy, black beard and sun burnt face would have done no disgrace to an Arab or a Moor, there was in his countenance a certain broad, honest, and good natured expression which plainly bespoke an Anglo-saxon origin. I at once concluded that this could be no other than Mr. Vinal. Yet I was but half satisfied with this understanding, for there was a dashiness in his costume which I did not quite like, and besides I looked in vain for that sense of power and diguity which I had always associated in my mind with the person of Vinal. These observations I had an opportunity of making, as he wheeled his camel out of the train and turning his head towards us, courteously awaited our approach.

It happened that the camel on which I was riding, was the foremost of our party. On approaching this fanciful and mysterious character, he bade us good morning, and inquired if we were going to Wed-noon. I returned his salutation and replied to his question in the affirmative. He then with a not ungraceful gesture of his hand to those in the rear, wheeled his animal about again, and we jogged on side by side. I had now an opportunity of observing him closer, and could not help remarking, at times, a blank and unsettled expression of the eye, as if a light had suddenly gone out within, and which was too evidently the sign of a feeble if not disordered mind. This perplexed me a little, and I resolved to settle at once the question of his identity.

"Are you Mr. Vinal?" said I, more abruptly than true politeness would have dictated.

"I, Mr. Vinal!" exclaimed he in a tone expressive of the horror which he felt, that any one should have conceived an idea so monstrous — "Am I Prince Albert, or the Great Mogul? Do I look like either of them?"

Surely he was not the former, and as for the latter, I knew nothing of his personal appearance, and indeed had but a very uncertain idea of his existence, and was consequently unable to return a satisfactory answer.

"But you are strangers," continued our new friend, after a moment, softening down in consideration of our non-acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants, "and don't know Mr. Vinal; otherwise, I should not have to inform you that he is a man as much superior to other men, at least, all other men that ever I happened to fall in with, as day is better than night!"

I could not help smiling at the man's earnest admiration of Mr. Vinal, which nevertheless seemed to come from his heart. Whether he had subtlety enough to guess at my thoughts, I know not, but he continued as if in explanation of his last remark —

"And good reason have I for saying so, too. For twenty-three years I was a slave on the desert, when God in his mercy sent this disguised angel — for if he is n't that, I don't know what he is — to my relief. He paid my ransom money, and sent me back to London, my native place — John Mullay, of London, at your service, sir — making me believe all the time that he was merely an agent for a British society, whose business it was to hunt out and ransom

Christian slaves in Barbary; for he can't stand thanks, no how, Mr. Vinal can't. He's a queer man that way. Tell him just what he is, and, good gracious, you can wring him like a wet sheet!

"But I soon found him out, shy as he was, for when I arrived in London, and could track neither hide nor hair of my old relatives and cronies, I began to inquire for the 'Society for ransoming Christian slaves in Barbary.' Some winked and said that benevolent young virgin had not yet 'come out' in fashionable life, but doubtless would as soon as some rich old earl or dowager could be found to act as chaperon. Others shook their heads, and contented themselves with touching their foreheads in a knowing way that was meant to imply that my brain was either weak, or wandering. At length I was directed to a gentleman who was a member of Parliament, and was said to know all about the philanthropic societies of the day. I found him at home, living in a perfect palace, too, he was. Well, I told him my business, and his face brightened so much, as I related to him some of my hardships, that I began to think he was going to help me and felt glad in advance. 'Sir,' said he, when I had done talking, 'it is a good idea, and shall be attended to. I will bring it forward forthwith. Society for the ransom of Christian slaves in Barbary, it is grand; it leaves Wilberforce and Clarkson quite in the shade. My dear sir, I am very grateful to you for proposing this. I can never repay you.' I stopped him as he was proceeding in this style, by asking him if he could let me have the small matter of half a pound to assist in procuring me some present necessaries.

"'As to that,' he answered, 'the society is not yet formed, and if it were, I am not sure that it would come within its province to assist those already ransomed. But all this, sir, shall receive due consideration.' And so he was waving me off with his hand, when I told him that my next move would be back to South Barbary, where I knew a man that I would rather be slave to than stand in his shoes, member of parliament though he was. He touched his forehead as others had done, and motioning to a servant to show me out, in which was also implied a command to kick me out, in case I showed any reluctance about going, resumed his writing. This was my last attempt to get any help at home."

Our new friend had much to tell us about the country we were in, himself, and Mr. Vinal. He was then, as he informed us, on his return from a trading expedition to Soudan, of course in the employ of Vinal, but that the night previous, when on the desert, through an error in his calculation, not thinking himself so far to the northward, he had run by Wed-noon, and striking to the westward, had this morning fallen in with Akkadia. He also told us that Vinal had many other trading caravans, and had his friends and allies among all the roving tribes; that he had ransomed many other slaves besides himself, and that now, as he had that morning learnt at Akkadia, his yacht, the Bold Runner, was absent to the island of Madeira, where she had gone with a crew of shipwrecked mariners whom he, Vinal, had lately discovered in a dreadful state of destitution, near the seashore.

His opinion was that we had done wisely in coming down to consult with Mr. Vinal, relative to our expedition. "Because," said he, "he is the man to furnish the camels, for he has over twelve hundred here at Wed-noon, and if any permission of the emperor or any thing of that kind is wanting, he has only to go to him and ask, to have it granted at once. But have you brought money with you to pay for your camels?"

"Certainly we have," said I indignantly, "do you suppose we are out here on a fool's errand?"

"That makes it bad again," continued he musingly, "for you must know that Mr. Vinal don't somehow like taking money from a friend, and he don't seem to like money itself either, very well, and Lord help us, he's got millions. Now that is what I call one of the strangest things about the man, for generally you know, the more a man has the more he wants. But ah, there's no understanding him — there's Wed-noon."

A turn in the road had brought us suddenly in view of Wed-noon, now at a distance of a few miles. It is situated on rising ground, and with its numerous houses and gardens makes rather a pleasant appearance on approaching it. We found it to be very similar to the other villages we had passed in point of fortifications, for although it had a high wall encompassing it, yet this presented such a dilapidated appearance in some places, that it was evident a determined body of men would not be long stayed by this impediment. Many of the larger houses were inclosed within walls of more solid

pretensions, covered upon the top by thorn bushes. The gardens and cattle parks were likewise protected in the same way.

Just before entering the town, our new friend filed off with his caravan towards the camel park of Mr. Vinal, adjoining which was his warehouse. The houses being built irregularly, without any regard to streets, we might have had some difficulty in finding Vinal's, had not our devidjis known him. They pointed out to us his residence near the entrance, a two-story dwelling house built in the form of a hollow square, the lower part being constructed of mud and stones stuccoed, and the second story of wood, painted a light straw color, with ash colored Venetian blinds. The walls inclosing this structure were freshly whitewashed, and the place had an air of great comfort and cleanliness without making pretensions to style. Our companions here left us, and we rode up to introduce ourselves.

On entering the high gateway we found ourselves in a paved court, checkered with tamarind and palm trees. It was a much larger inclosure than we had at first supposed — containing, in fact, nearly an acre. The house also proved to be of great dimensions, but was so exquisitely proportioned, and beautifully neat, as at first sight to look small. On one side of the court was a long low building which we took to be a hen-coop, from seeing a number of Guinea fowls in the neighborhood. There was a cistern near the gateway with a tamarind tree shading it, and an Arab tent pitched picturesquely alongside. A gazelle which had been drinking there,

fled timidly to the house as we entered, leaving its attendant and the one having charge of the guinea fowls, both in the blue and white head-gear of Vinal's retainers, to receive us if so disposed.

We had no chance however to observe their movements, for at the same instant a young man with a fresh and remarkably boyish face came out of the house and almost bounded along the yard to meet us. He was plainly dressed in coat and pantaloons of brown linen, with a black ribbon about his neck, and wore upon his head a Panama hat. He was a little above the medium height, slender and graceful, but with a certain squareness and finish about his joints, suggestive of strength and agility. He could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, perhaps less. What I particularly noticed about him at first, was a desire to laugh, which he seemed to restrain with difficulty. I think this must have been owing to our puzzled looks as much as to our bedraggled appearance, for we certainly had not expected to find a young gentleman at Mr. Vinal's.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, shaking us cordially by the hand, "this is joyful. I can't conceive where you have come from, but you are as welcome as if you had dropped down from heaven!"

He gave the Arab sign to the camels, who instantly knelt down, and we dismounted. At the sight of the children he was yet more pleased. Taking one in his arms and another by the hand, he led the way into the house. "Come," said he, "we'll go up stairs and lie down a while and take some refreshment, while the baths are being got ready. There are hammocks enough for us all."

"Mr. Vinal is away from home, I presume," remarked the major.

"No, sir," observed the young man laughing, "not while I am here."

"Why," said the major's wife, "I thought you certainly could be no nearer relation to him than his son."

This pleased Vinal most of any thing yet, and he laughed again in a perfect overflow of good nature, as he replied,

"I am really sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that when you were expecting to meet a venerable father, a sage of the desert or some such romantic character, you should fall in with such a very plain specimen of a boy as I must own to being. But although I might plead guilty to being the son of Mr. Vinal, yet there is none of my name in this country that I am aware of. So you will please to consider me for the future, not as Mr. Vinal, but as Dick Vinal, which is my name, nothing more or less, and in that manner I like to be styled by my friends."

While the major was giving him an idea of our expedition, I had an opportunity to study his physiognomy still further. His face, as I said before, was boyish, but this was owing partly to his clear florid complexion and smoothly shaven beard, and was only remarkable when the simplicity of his heart had control of it. Now as he listened to the major it was expressive of the dignity of the staidest manhood. His hair was of a brown color, cut short and inclined to curl. His high, broad forehead projected slightly

over his full blue eyes. His nose was small and straight, and his mouth, with the under jaw advancing a very little, and closing in lines of wonderful beauty, gave a perfection to his lineaments which left nothing to desire. It was a face in which was a strange mixture of boyish simplicity, with energy, perseverance and indomitable will, but with a vivid good heartedness playing like sunlight over the whole. When you looked upon his firm set mouth, with determination in every princely line, he seemed to be defying all the powers of earth and air to thwart his schemes; but over his brow and from his eyes the sentiment of his soul was also gleaming, — "Thou shalt do no wrong." And when he turned those eyes full upon you, so that you had to meet them, they seemed to say — "Come, be my friend and I will be thine, and no harm shall come to either of us;" and they flung this challenge out exultingly, as if they would add in the full consciousness of the spirit — "For I am strong — strong — strong!"

When the major came to that part of his narrative, in which Wed-noon had been pictured to us as a seaport, Vinal indulged in a hearty laugh, and indeed we afterwards found out that we were thirty miles from the coast.

"And so you want camels," remarked he, at the close, "Oh, it's excellent, and I've got such lots of them! I shall pick out a hundred of the best, and send them up to Mogadore, whenever you get ready for them. I am now going down to my park to look after that rascal of a John Mullay, and see that he don't work too hard in the sun. You must amuse

yourselves as you can; we dine at five. To-day Bel Cassim, the sheik of Wed-noon, and his cousin Sidi Ben Hamet, a sort of prime minister, dine with me. Good fellows, but rather taciturn, so we shall have to depend on ourselves to keep conversation from flagging. Till then good by."

And taking down a little switch cane which hung against the wall, and lighting a genuine havana, Vinal sauntered forth, looking for all the world like a young West India planter on a stroll about his estate.

CHAPTER XII.

GLORIOUS DICK VINAL.

We were sitting at table after dinner discussing some excellent old claret. I had always had an impression that there was a passage in the Koran prohibiting true believers from indulging in wine, but on seeing the conduct of Bel Cassim and Sidi Ben Hamet, on that occasion, I was convinced of my mistake.

"Well, gentlemen," said Vinal, "you have seen Wed-noon. What do you think of it as a seaport?"

"The scoundrel!" muttered the major between his teeth.

"That Snazem is a cunning rascal," continued Vinal; "however, I ought not to find fault with him, at any rate, since he has been the means of introducing such agreeable company into my house. Do you know that I am a little disappointed in you, coming as you do from a part of our country which I have no particular reasons for liking?"

"We are from New England, Sir," said Tom, thinking that he was laboring under some mistake.

"So am I," answered Dick, "but I would advise

you not to boast of that about here, as the only idea of New England, which the great majority of people in this country have, is associated with the vilest of all bad liquors — rum. I have no objection to good wine, and I believe it to be far better for the general health of mankind than the favorite American beverages of tea and coffee; but this New England fire-water is without doubt the greatest curse which the mischief-seeking ingenuity of man ever devised. When I was a merchant in that country, I could never sufficiently admire the beautiful consistency of certain philanthropists, who sent missionaries to the heathen in the ship's cabin, and fire-arms and fire-water in her hold. I suppose these individuals had skipped in their daily readings that portion of the Bible where the Lord's prayer is found, and sent this merchandise to try the nascent strength of the young converts in resisting temptation."

"One of the best things," observed Tom, "which I know of in this line, is what happened not many years since in a certain orthodox church, in one of New England's staidest towns. The congregation were decidedly ultra on all the isms of the day, and particularly strait-laced on the temperance question. Some how or other, of course nobody in particular was responsible for it, the cellar of the church was let to a liquor dealer, who stored therein certain merchandise, which caused an alcoholic odor to pervade the house. One Sunday, just before the hour of afternoon service, a wag, whose olfactories were a little tickled by the said odor, perpetrated this epigram, which he pasted on the inner door, where the

congregation might have a chance of reading it on entering—

"There be spirits above
And spirits below,
Spirits of love
And spirits of woe;
But the spirits above are the spirits divine,
And the spirits below are the spirits of wine."

"Quite characteristic," said Dick; "and now allow me to ask you how you expect to find your brig again, since it's pretty certain that she'll never find Wed-noon?"

"Is there no settlement or harbor on the coast?" inquired Captain Wilson. "I had no chart of the place, but supposed there must be some show of a town, about here."

"None at all," replied Vinal, "and the only thing for us to do is to go in search of the brig. She is probably by this time pretty tired of looking for you. I propose, then, that we start to-morrow morning early for the seaside. There are high rocky cliffs all along shore, which command a fine view of the ocean. If the brig is within twenty miles we shall see her. I will take with me a large American flag which I have here, and we will hoist it there as a signal for the vessel to come in, if she should prove to be in the neighborhood. We will then order her back to Mogadore, and I will send up a train of camels to meet her, as we have already agreed on."

We were pretty tired with our three days' tramp, and would gladly have rested for a little while. But as Vinal had kindly offered to assist us, we could

not certainly object to looking after our own property. It was agreed that the captain and I should accompany him to the seaside, leaving the major and Tom to take care of the women and children, and that we should start at daybreak on the morrow.

Just as we had made this arrangement, my wife came in with a look of alarm in her countenance, and bearing in her hands the saddlebags which, as I have before said, contained our money.

"The gold is gone," said she, bringing them to the table, "and the bags are filled with rocks instead."

She then showed us how a piece of leather had been smoothly cut out of the side of each one, and dexterously reinserted after the exchange had been made.

"It is that villain Snazem who has done this," said Vinal, promptly. "I know the way of those thievish vagabonds well. All the mysteries of his conduct are now fully explained."

I now remembered that I had given him the bags to pack in with the saddle of my camel, but the scoundrel must have practised this art before, as he had possession of them but a minute.

Here was a pretty dilemma for us. Our vessel on a wild goose chase we knew not where, our money gone, and ourselves the guests of a semi-barbarian prince. If ever three poor fellows felt supremely foolish, we did so at that moment. In my confusion of ideas I half suspected that Vinal might take us for impostors, and disbelieve our story of the money, and our still more ridiculous one of the brig in quest of Wed-noon. But on venturing to look up at him, all my apprehensions immediately vanished.

There was a bright beam of happiness playing over his fine face, which I seem to see now. If, as Solomon tells us, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," his must have been fairly overflowing with gladness. Observing, however, our bewildered and chopfallen countenances, his own changed, and leaning back in his chair he burst into a laugh, merry and free-hearted as that of a boy just let loose from school.

"Well done," said he; "a pretty set of Yankees you are, to be taken in in this style by a beggarly Moor. Why, you seem to believe everybody as honest and trustworthy as yourselves. What do you propose to do now?"

"Is there no way of recovering this money and bringing the rascal to justice?" inquired the major. "Suppose we were to make it known to the governor of Mogadore, and write to" —

"None," interrupted Vinal; "he is by this time far enough away in the trackless sands of the desert, or snugly hidden in some of the fastnesses of Atlas. I may indeed one day get hold of him, through some of my faithful Arabs, but the money I fear is gone forever. The poor wretch is to be pitied, any way," continued he, while a shade of touching commiseration stole over his expressive face, "though he is probably so constituted that he will never feel any of the pangs of remorse. He belongs to a family who doubtless think it a kind of virtue to rob a Christian. But, after all, what a mean thing is remorse, compared with the never-ceasing loss of that eternal satisfaction one feels in the remembrance of a good and generous deed" —

"Our voyage is up," said the major, sadly — "and yet I don't feel so bad at this as that these scurvy recurrences make one lose all faith in the good of his fellow-men."

"Not so fast," replied Vinal; "don't judge the world by its exceptions; and as for your expedition being terminated, don't delude yourself with any such idea — not a bit of it. You shall have your camels, as many as your vessel will carry, and any further funds you may need in the pursuance of your plans, and reimburse me when convenient. Stop, no thanks, I am only doing what you would be glad to do if in my position, and as the privilege happens to be mine, I don't see but I derive the greatest advantage from the arrangement."

I thought the major would have stepped across the table to embrace him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued Vinal, "you look upon me with an air that seems to say I am a strange man. Perhaps I am. At all events I am a very happy one, and that I believe is something strange, for I have either read, heard or dreamt that few people have ever made a similar confession. Perhaps you would like to know how I came out here, enjoying myself in this outre fashion, associating with blacks, Moors and Arabs, being as well acquainted in Gambia as I am at Morocco or Tombuctoo, having the descendants of Ishmael for my nearest friends and neighbors, and Zahara, which other white men dread, for my promenade ground. The story is a short one.

"My parents died while I was quite a child, leaving

me to be brought up by my uncle. My father left a large amount of property, which I, being an only child, was to come into possession of on reaching the years of maturity. My uncle was a merchant, a very respectable man in his way, not rich, but of good standing in the world, a church member, and, like every body else, looked up to by his inferiors on 'change. Like my father, he had but one child — a daughter.

"Of course I was sent to Cambridge. I had no particular fondness for study, and was soon tired of the stupid life which I led there. But I knew that it was of no use remonstrating with my uncle on the subject, for it was considered very respectable to be going through the motions of a student at old Harvard. So at the close of my sophomore year I ran off and went whaling. This life proved to be rather a hard one; still it was far preferable to the musty existence which I had led among the book-crammed halls of Cambridge.

"I was absent three years. On my return, I found myself, like Byron, suddenly become famous, for I had come into possession of my property. My uncle consulted with me about business, and my aunt was particularly gracious. My cousin, only a few years my junior, had grown into an elegant young woman; she received me with cordiality, but, I thought, had become a little shyer of me than of old. I was invited to dinner parties, musical parties, wedding parties, and all sorts of parties, and was well received every where. For a few months I enjoyed this finely, believing every body and every

thing which I saw about me to be true, thereby showing how exceedingly verdant I was at the time.

"When I found out my mistake, I became disgusted with this kind of society. So leaving manœuvring mammas and calculating daughters to try their net-work on some other 'nice young man,' I betook myself to business. I took an office on 'the street,' which being interpreted, means State street, not deciding on any regular, legitimate sort of business, but resolved to go into any thing which might turn up. I had a kind of Quixotic notion of bringing forward deserving people, and of re-establishing the unfortunate in trade. I was also particularly inclined to take hold of any thing new, and was very kindly disposed towards foreigners out of employ. This latter trait, at the end of a few weeks, had caused an introduction of seven clerks into my office, and I could have transacted business in as many different languages, if I had had any business to transact.

"My uncle objected to the course I was taking, as being sure to terminate in my ruin. He advised me to 'go into gunny bags or flour.' I saw nothing very inviting in gunny bags that should make me desire to 'go into' them; and as for speculating in flour, I had conscientious scruples which forbade it, so I stuck to my own course.

"You may be sure that as soon as my peculiar views were known, I had no lack of occupation. Propositions for business poured in on all sides. Not to weary you with details, I will just say that I was unsuccessful in every thing which I undertook, so far

as pecuniary gain constitutes success. All the persons with whom I had any business connection defrauded me, or at all events I was a loser by them. My uncle, however, never seemed to see that there was any thing wrong on their part, but attributed my misfortunes solely to a want of shrewdness on my own. In one case I recollect he insisted upon my following up a man who owed me a small balance of a few hundred dollars, which he said I would recover by perseverance. 'No,' said I, morbidly, 'every body else has profited at my expense; I shall feel better not to have this solitary exception.'

"Some of my operations, in spite of their ruinous results, were rather comic than otherwise, in the circumstances attending them.

"There was an old ex-stager, Ruggles by name, who used to drive a coach from Boston to Salem, and with whom, in my younger days, I had often been over the road. Well, he came to me, and wanted to be established in a kind of chop-house, which he proposed to call the Tom Jefferson. He threatened, if I didn't help him in this, to feign deaf, and allow himself to be run over by the first locomotive which came in his way, so that the invention which did not tolerate his profession might also do away with himself. I set him up and lost the whole of my investment.

"I took a large number of shares in a new ice company. This I was sure would turn out something. We got in a fine stock of ice, and it proved to be a good year for selling it. One day, about the

time when I was expecting a dividend, the manager of the concern came to my office, and informed me that a certain railroad which was to have been built, running by our pond, had not been constructed, and that our ice would not be worth the expense of bringing it to market. 'In consequence of which,' added he, waggishly, 'the whole thing is to be abandoned, and we are all to meet at the ice office this evening, where we are to have a monster mint julep, mixed in a barrel; and as ice has sucked us in, we are to retaliate by sucking in ice. Each of the proprietors is to be furnished with a straw at the expense of the company — not an inappropriate provision, as many of them, to tell the truth, were never any thing better than men of straw.'

"On one occasion a tall serious looking gentleman, attired in a seedy suit of black, with a white neck-cloth, called to see me, and handed me a card on which was written, 'J. Smythe, D. D.' I invited the reverend doctor into my private room, where I joined him as soon as previous business permitted.

"'Sir,' said he to me on entering, 'I have come to solicit your aid in a very special case.'

"Here he paused, and seemed embarrassed. I, thinking to help him out, suggested 'Foreign Missions?'

"'Ah, no!' he replied sadly, 'I am not a doctor of divinity, as your manner towards me seems to imply, but a Disappointed Dentist. There are twenty-seven of us, sir, in the city — all D. D.'s — and we have united together on the mutual principle, to keep the mutual pot a boiling, sir, under the style

of the 'Short Association.' By our bye-laws each member is bound to contribute his gross earnings to the general fund, and all expenses are paid therefrom. But I have reasons for believing that these laws are not religiously observed. One member has been recently suspected of having taken a plate of soup furtively at Parker's, on a rainy day, when the mutual pot was rather empty. Another was actually seen eating a piece of pie in the market-house; and two, no longer ago than yesterday, refused to allow their breath to be smelt of on coming in, — a proceeding authorized by our bye-laws, — leaving us to infer thereby, that they had been indulging in ale, or other expensive drinks.'

"I could hardly help laughing at the fellow's gravity while narrating this pitiful story; but I managed to ask him what assistance he wanted.

"He replied that he had made a calculation, and that there were no less than one hundred and thirty thousand teeth in the city, which needed arranging. 'Now,' said he, 'if some kind friend will assist me, and I can get my proportion of this business, I shall leave the mutual club, and shall do very well by myself.'

"I advised him to go a-whaling, and advanced him the funds necessary for his outfit.

"His remark about the number of unsound teeth in the city amused me not a little. Another illustration of the old proverb, that 'Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' occurred in the case of a simple young fellow whom I established in the magic lantern business. He was exhibiting for the first

time in a country town, where the attendance was not large. At length the door opened and two entered at once. The poor fellow's joy was so great that he could not contain himself, and he exclaimed in a loud tone, 'Here comes two more ninepences!' The boys caught up the saying, and whenever the door was opened afterwards, would cry out from one end of the hall to the other, 'Here comes another ninepence!'

"When I look back upon this period, and think of the grotesque characters and queer vicissitudes with which I then became acquainted, I am inclined to dwell with a half smile at times at their very oddness. And yet, such mirth has something bitter in it at the best, for these people were most of them in some way or other at variance with the world, and far from being either happy or contented.

"Well, as I was saying, every thing went wrong with me in business. Even when I bought vessels and sent them to places where others were making money, it turned out that just as I entered upon it, the trade was sure to be overdone, and I was just in season for the death. So at the end of twelve months, after having lost one half of my property, I decided to retire from business, for I never could quite make up my mind to 'go into gunny bags.'

"During my continuance in trade I acquired much worldly wisdom, among which was one precept, which I believe is handed down from father to son in every strictly mercantile family — 'Never trust a man for his countenance, his sentiments, or his principles, however good they may each and all be; but

if you would know his true worth go to the banks, the insurance and rail-road offices, the registry of deeds and the custom-house.'

"Tired of the outer world, and distrustful of society, I now shut myself up in the house for months together. Being young, buoyant and full-blooded, I became neither morose nor melancholy, but stayed at home simply because there was nothing inviting to me out of doors.

"Up to this time my uncle and aunt had looked upon me as a suitable person for a husband of their daughter. My fortune was still large, and through the sagacity of my uncle, was invested in such a way, that my income was sufficient to support a family in princely style. But as we on our part manifested no intention, but a decided disinclination towards seconding their views, a middle-aged widower was allowed by them to try his fortune in gaining her affections. He was a smooth-faced, oily-tongued, civil, smiling individual, rather under the common height, but of more than ordinary rotundity, and reputed to be very rich. There were other rumors about him not much to his credit. The poor girl was ordered to try and love him. Had she been unengaged, he could not but have been distasteful to her. But as it was, he must have been positively hateful, for I knew that her heart was far enough away, wandering among the islands of the South Pacific, with a black-eyed boy who had left his own with her in exchange, and I knew, too, that her beautiful image was the light of his solitary night-watch, and his better angel by day, keeping

him pure and stainless amid the temptations of foreign lands; and, I vowed to myself, that for his sake as well as for hers, this infernal bargain never should be consummated!

"One bright Sunday morning, this interesting suitor for a second wife made his appearance at the house just before the hour of going to church. My cousin was in the drawing-room, dressed to go out, and I was also there, sitting by a window reading, when he came in. Clara started at the sight of him as if she had seen an adder. As he came towards her, she seated herself and commenced drawing off her gloves. He changed color, and, in a husky voice, inquired if she was not going to church? She made no reply, and I saw that she was ready to burst into tears. He evidently had not seen me, for he went immediately to where she was sitting, and muttering 'Child!' seized her hand rudely, and endeavored to draw it beneath his arm. But he had no time to complete his purpose, for the blood rushed to my temples as I sat casting sidelong glances towards him, and I sprang at him like an infuriated madman. 'Villain!' said I, while I grasped him by his elegant neckcloth, 'is this the fruit of that forbearance which has permitted your disgraceful presence in this house?' and dragging him to the street door, I pitched him out headlong upon the pavement."

"Good!" shouted the major, striking the table with his fist; and indeed there was not a face around the board which did not exhibit a smile of approbation and delight, — as for Bel Cassim and Sidi Ben Hamet, who had been nearly asleep a moment pre-

vious, and of course understood not a word of what was being said, they fairly laughed outright.

"After this occurrence," resumed Vinal, "I was, of course, in disgrace with the elderly members of the family, for the man whose nose rumor said I had broken had great influence on 'change. But my cousin's roguish glances of heartfelt gratitude, were more than an offset for any little coolness elsewhere.

"A few days after, however, the black-eyed boy came home, and as he had been successful in his adventures, and furthermore appeared like an excellent young man, he was accepted on all sides as the suitor of Clara, and all went well again. His presence in our limited household was as cheerful and invigorating as a gust of warm fresh sea breeze from the far Pacific would have been, and it revived within me my old taste for wandering. Here, thought I, I am a sluggard and dissatisfied, — in another quarter of the globe I may be both useful and happy. And I went forth again among my fellow-men, and began to look about me for a destination.

"What finally decided me to come here was singular enough in itself. I had been one evening wandering about the lighted streets, with my cloak wrapped tightly round me, most of the time buried in reverie. At that period I went out more in the evening than during the day, from a kind of unwillingness which I still felt to meet my fellow-citizens face to face in too glaring a reality. The gaslights seemed to soften their unseemly peculiarities, and bring out in better contrast whatever excellencies

they possessed. There was much less traffic than by sunlight. Of the people whom I met and passed, some spoke rapturously of music, and were perhaps on their way to a concert; others discussed the drama, and were going to or returning from the theatre. Occasionally some quieter looking party hurried hastily along, anxious lest they should be too late for the prayer-meeting; or returning home, showed by their footsteps the yearning desire which they felt for a glimpse of their sleeping babes. But the most pleasing sight of all was, when a young couple passed slowly along the pavement, talking low and tenderly of love. To me, dreamer as I then was, it seemed like a period when the heart, mind and soul which all day long had been held in subjection to the corporeal frame, busy with its petty wants and grovelling cares, were free, and came forth to bask in a congenial atmosphere.

"Well, one evening, as I was saying, I had been strolling about merely to while away the hours, when I came to a brilliantly lighted entry-way, through which several people were passing. I inquired what was going on above, and was told that a distinguished gentleman was addressing the people on the subject of slavery. I have not much sympathy with this class of reformers, although I know many of them to be pure and high-minded men, still something prompted me to go in. The first sentence which the speaker uttered after my entrance decided my future course. He had evidently been speaking of the hard lot of the slave, surrounded though he may be in some cases with all the necessaries and comforts of life.

"'I would rather,' continued he, in a fine burst of eloquence, 'be a wandering Arab of the desert, — a son of Ishmael, my hand against every man, and every man's hand against me, — homeless, houseless, wifeless, and childless if you will; but free, free as the wind which raises the scorching sands about him, and may help to make his grave, — free as the summer cloud which drifts above him, but cannot stop to yield one drop of water to his parching palate.'

"I left the hall, and as I went home I said to myself, 'Civilization has become distasteful to me, I will go among the Arabs.'

"The next day found me busy in preparing for my departure. I arranged with my uncle to draw for my money whenever I might want it; for, like Æneas of old, I was going forth in quest of a home. I took passage in a vessel from Boston bound to Gibraltar. Thence I came to Mogadore, from which place I drifted hither. And here I am, ladies and gentlemen, as you see me, at home, happy as the soaring skylark, singing as he soars, and free as the breeze of heaven! When I look back upon my previous life, it seems like a clouded dream compared with my present real, fresh and careering existence!

"But I am presuming on your good nature, particularly as I know that you are just off of a hard three days' journey. And the snores of Bel and Sidi Ben are doubtless intended as a gentle hint to us that we are expected in the land of Nod."

I took no further heed of the conversation, whatever it might have been. The light of Vinal's

character was shining in upon me, reflecting back upon his form, and mantling it, as it were, with a simple, spiritual majesty, exceedingly interesting to behold. He seemed the personification of an idea which had often haunted me, but which I had never before seen carried out in actual life, of turning away from wrong, either real or imaginary, letting it alone, and so rising superior to it. Here was a man who had been treated with hypocrisy, ingratitude or neglect, in a society where he had a right to expect better things, but who had not become soured or been made revengeful thereby. Disappointed in his best hopes, and dissatisfied in the experience of his own land, he had turned his face away, all in sorrow, nothing in anger, and made for himself, amid far different scenes, a sphere of usefulness, a happiness and a home. I would gladly have heard him tell of the noble and self-sacrificing deeds which made his life so fresh and gladsome, but it was not in his nature to speak of these things unasked. He was content to thank God for a happiness which he daily felt, without stopping to consider that it was the spontaneous overflowing of a soul full of goodness and heroism.

"What do you think of our host?" said I to the major, as we followed a domestic to our respective rooms for the night.

"Glorious Dick Vinal?" inquired he.

"Glorious Dick Vinal!" said I.

"Glorious Dick Vinal!" echoed Tom.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SEASIDE.

The next morning while breakfast was being prepared, we all took a stroll down to Vinal's park, situated in the valley a short distance from the town, but nearer the mountains on the north. From these mountains flow many streams which are led off into the gardens in the suburbs of the town, and into the great cisterns in the cattle inclosures. In Vinal's park were over a thousand camels, all apparently well and in good keeping, thanks to the superintending care of Mr. John Mullay, of London. We met this gentleman on his morning round, taking a bird's-eye survey of things, and he gave me a particularly triumphant look with his "Good morning," as much as to say, "Well, now, you have seen him for yourself — was I too earnest in my admiration — eh?"

There was one small, dark brown heirie in the herd, a particularly malicious looking animal, which took Tom's fancy amazingly. Vinal observing this, insisted on his receiving it as a present, asking in exchange a promise that it should be well treated, "for," added he, "you will find him as gentle and swift as he is wild and malicious looking."

While our host drew off for a moment, to say a few words to Mr. Mullay, we occupied the time in ascending to the roof, constructed above one of the great reservoirs within the inclosure, whence we had a fine view of the park with its mass of animal life.

There is something singularly grand and impressive to the contemplative mind, in one of these same camel-parks. We see there an immense assemblage of the most patient, docile, useful, and I may add, sagacious and intelligent animals known to man. Look at that group just in from a long desert march, see how gracefully they bend their curved necks, and how lovingly, towards their drivers, who are relieving them of their packs: and what glances of kindest affection speak out from under their drooping eyelids, as they draw into their weary stomachs whole gallons of the purest water. Or turn your attention to another quarter, towards that caravan nearly ready for a start. Listen to those cries, plaintive but not angry, which are intended as a remonstrance against a further addition to a load already heavy. See the look of gratitude which acknowledges the consideration of their masters in giving heed to their protest. And now, as they go out through the wide gateway, no whip or spur or bitter words excite them; — the riders know too well the delicate disposition of the creatures they rather accompany than lead, — but encouraged by songs and cheerful or playful coaxings, they begin and continue their much enduring voyage. Here are others reposing for a day or two, peacefully enjoying

a long Sabbath. With what solemn deliberation they munch their bit of oil-cake or handful of beans, or nip off the foliage from the thorn bushes at their side. "Time enough," they seem to say; "when we are wanted we shall be on hand." Those who call these precious animals stiff, clumsy, or ungraceful, see them only with a superficial eye. To us, who regard them more thoroughly, their very form presents such a display of Almighty science, in the exquisite adaption of the means to the end, that even the hump becomes a feature of beauty, and the long, slender, many-jointed leg, terminating in the broad splay foot is neither unwieldy or inelegant. And what adds most of all to their own peculiar majesty, and the respect and affection which we feel towards them, is the consciousness that we may count on them in the hour of hardship and peril, that they will not only bear us safely where we would otherwise perish, and be also our ships of trade to far countries, but that when we are faint even unto death, and the old earth is barren, and the fields of heaven are parched and dry, — like a nursing mother to the child she loves, they will yield up their own sustenance, so that we may not die.

On our return to the house we found an Arab, whom Vinal had sent to the seacoast on the evening previous, to get fish for breakfast. He told us there was a sail in the offing, and as we made no doubt of its being the Double Eagle, we all agreed to go down to the coast after breakfast, and return to Mogadore with the vessel. Vinal was to go with us, leaving Mr. John Mullay to drive the camels up by land.

"I should think," said the major to our host, as we sat at table, "that you would find the camel a very interesting subject to study and take care of."

"He is indeed," remarked Vinal. "With more propriety than the dog or the horse, the camel may be called the friend of man. In this light he is presented to us in the first records of antiquity. When a wife was sought for Isaac, the old servant of Abraham fixed upon a regard for camels as an appropriate mark by which he would not fail to recognize the maiden whom the Lord had destined for the favorite child of his master. And how beautifully did the gentle Rebecca answer to the test — 'And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking.'

"'And she hasted and emptied her pitcher into the trough and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels.'

"When Jacob was returning home and wished to meet his brother Esau on friendly terms, he sent him, among other presents, thirty milch camels with their colts. And when Joseph was cast into the pit by his wicked brethren, we read that 'They lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.' In those days as well as now it appears that the Ishmaelite and camel were inseparable. Doubtless, one of the greatest of Job's afflictions was when the Chaldeans fell upon his camels and carried off three thousand; but in his

latter days, when the Lord blessed Job more than in the beginning, he became the happy proprietor of six thousand."

"Are there any accounts of the camel in a wild state?" inquired the major.

"None that can be relied upon," replied Vinal; "the Arabs indeed tell of seeing camels afar in the mountains, which they have pursued, and never been able to overtake, that there they wander free, and are of a different species from the camel of the plain. But I have no reason for believing these stories. I will tell you of a curious optical illusion which once occurred to me, and which has had, perhaps, a good deal to do with shaking my faith in the wild camel. I was travelling in the Berber country, back of Morocco, when one morning, as we were at breakfast, the Arabs called out 'wild camels!' I looked in the direction pointed out, and there was apparently a long train of camels winding round the base of one of the Atlas ridges, and reaching for miles into the ravine beyond, where they seemed congregated in such immense numbers as to present to the eye nothing but a confused ash-colored mass. I mounted my heirie, the same that you saw this morning in the park, and dashed off to have a nearer inspection. A brisk breeze sprang up, and the whole train started off like mad, leaping and careering like a herd of wild buffaloes, climbing upon each other, expanding in size, and absolutely alarming me by their crazy contortions. Pretty soon they commenced their gambols in the air, for I could distinctly see the bare brown rocks beneath them.

The increasing wind, however, dispelled the illusion, and I found that I had been in chase of the morning mist. But pray tell me, where do you intend to take your camels on leaving Mogadore? I had thought that, in your country, steam was supplanting every other means of conveyance, even on the route to California."

"We intend to land at Port Lavacca, in Texas," said the major, "move up the Neuces valley to about the parallel of Presidio Rio Grande, thence to Paso del Norte, then cross the Rio Grande, and proceed by the valley of the Gila to San Diego — a distance of about thirteen hundred miles. We believe, taking every thing into account, that this will prove the shortest and best route to California."

"Probably it will," returned Vinal; "but it seems to me, — although, of course, at this distance, with my non-acquaintance with the subject, I am ill qualified to express an opinion — that, as the attention of the people appears now to be directed almost exclusively towards the Isthmus, it might be better to proceed to Chagres, and put the camels on the land part of that route. Their superiority over the horse and mule would thus be clearly made evident to vast numbers, and immediate success would be the result. In all new enterprises, success in the first movement is every thing, as it gives a confidence which a thousand later failures cannot destroy."

This advice was certainly not in accordance with our own views, but if Vinal had recommended us to take our camels to the wall of China, I believe we

should have done so. It was consequently decided, without further discussion, that we should go to Chagres.

After breakfast the camels were brought round, and we set off down the valley. I noticed that the inhabitants were very respectful in their salutations to Vinal, and made a remark to that effect.

"Well," said he, "I don't know why it is, except that I have always sought to do them good rather than harm. I was never afraid of them, and that may do something towards making them respect me. Besides, I am the first white man of fortune who has ever come to reside amongst them, and that flatters them, I suppose."

I saw that he was not aware of his real power.

As we approached the beach, the soil changed, becoming more clayey in spots, and was every where baked hard, with sharp flinty stones intermixed. After a ride of nearly three hours, we came in sight of the sea. We were on a kind of chalky cliff, which terminated abruptly on the seaside, in a precipice of several hundred feet. At the base of this cliff we heard the rollers breaking in thunder tones. As far as we could see, on either side, the coast presented the same inhospitable aspect. We saw the sail very distinctly, to which the Arab had alluded in the morning, now at a distance from the shore of some four or five miles. It was not the Double Eagle, but a topsail schooner, standing to the southward. Nevertheless we erected our flag-staff in a spot which Vinal had previously arranged for the purpose, and hoisted our flag — in hopes that

the strange vessel might come in, and, at least, give us some news of ours. Our hopes in this respect were gratified, for she tacked ship on seeing our signal, and stood in for the shore.

It was now high noon, and the sun was very hot. Vinal, who was well acquainted with the coast, told us of a little bay in the rocks, just to the southward of where we were, with a nice sandy beach, where we could sit under the shade of the cliffs and await the coming of the schooner's boat, as it was the only point where she could land. We found a natural descent in the rocks leading to this place, which proved to be a delightful spot. Here we had lunch, from a sack of good things put up at Vinal's, and with the sea, like an old friend, beside us, soothing us with the gentle music of its ripples, and at times awakening within us deeper emotions, when we listened to the crashing of its heavy organ tones, is it any wonder that the moments passed swiftly by?

What is there about the ocean, the calm, lovely, terrible ocean, that makes us yearn towards it thus, and keep for it ever a place in our hearts? In the far inland, in the dungeon of a prison-house, or within the narrow walls of a sick room, if we have ever seen or heard it before in our lives, we shall see again its throbbing bosom, and hear its solemn reverberations along the shore. All people, of all times, have felt this something in the depths of their soul — answering to something profounder in the great deep of waters — whether it be the first disciples, by the shores of the lesser sea of Gallilee, or England's poet, gazing on its blackened fury

amid the blue Symplegades, or the lone Indian, with the first faint roar of a mighty ocean breaking on his ear, as he strays wonderingly downward towards the west,

> " in the continuous woods
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
> Save his own dashings " —

words still poetic, and descriptive of what was once the fact, — or the weary and heart-sick child of cities, coming to the sea, and lying down by its side as tranquilly as if it were a great mother, into whose sympathetic bosom he could pour all his sorrow and weariness. Philosophers have sought its shores, hoping its presence might breathe into their musings more pleasant veins, and great men have desired that their last sleep might be within the sound of its surgings.

> " By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
> Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand."

Can it be possible that there is concealed within its depths, a life, massive, solemn, eternal, yet having some sympathy with our own? Why else did Achilles seek its shores to bewail the loss of his friend Patroclus ; or the tender Andromache go pacing its sandy barrier, with tears and lamentations for her absent Hector? Why else did the great-hearted Kit North say of Childe Harold —

" The image of the wanderer may well be associated, for a time, with the rock of Calpe, the shattered temples of Athens, or the gigantic fragments of Rome ; but when we wish to think of this dark personification as of a thing which is, where

can we so well imagine him to have his daily haunt, as by the roaring of the waves?"

In our own day we read of a sick child, who was carried to the seaside, and there, during his chilly rides, he looked upon the waves, and thought he heard sweet voices in their murmurings, calling him away to a brighter and better land. And it is also recorded of a certain "willin'," but taciturn individual, in a more humble sphere of life, that, being upon his death-bed, his spirits rose and his life quickened with the rising of the waters; but when the turn came, he too fell back, and "Barkis went out with the tide."

In this cool, shady, delightful spot, lazily conversing, and still more lazily musing, we forgot the hours, and were quite taken by surprise when the schooner's boat hove in sight round a clump of rocks to the northward.

A short, bluff man, with a brandy-and-water style of countenance, leaped on shore, and, informing us that he was Smith, of the English schooner Success, inquired "What was the trade?" We asked him, in return, if he had fallen in with the Double Eagle.

"That I have," said he, "and she's as safe as a thief in a mill, in charge of Her Britannic Majesty's frigate, the Undaunted, seized on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade."

"When did you speak her?"

"Yesterday, about noon, going through the water like a witch, bound to Isle of Sal Cape de Verds."

Tom here came forward to 'surrender himself,' as

he said, as being the unintentional cause of all this trouble; he having still the vessel's register, which he had playfully purloined from the Captain, on the occasion of our first visit to the Bashaw, in his pocket!

"And where are you bound, captain?"

"Well, you see, I'm just on a trading voyage down the coast, and not bound any where in particular. Now, I wouldn't mind going to Sal myself, if you'd make it an object."

"What will you take us all over for?"

"Lucre?" inquired he.

"Lucre," said the major, with great dignity.

"Well, seein' as 'taint a barter trade, say fifty pound."

"Agreed"—and right glad were we with this prospect of getting out of the scrape.

Vinal assured us that he was acquainted with the officers of the Undaunted, and that we should have no difficulty in recovering our vessel, if we were fortunate enough to fall in with her again. Our captain and the major were not for letting them off, however, on the mere delivery of the brig, and Uncle Jim was even fixed in a resolve to make a national affair of it. We then shook hands with Vinal, thanking him again and again for his kindness, and receiving from him a promise to meet us on our return to Mogadore, we embarked. On looking back from the schooner's deck, we saw him and his attendants strike the flag-staff, and move off with the camels on their way back to Wed-noon. Before sundown the chalky cliff was invisible. We were "once more upon the waters."

CHAPTER XIV.

ISLE OF SAL.

We were certainly in a novel position as adventurers, and a somewhat unpleasant one withal. Japhet in search of his Father, Keeper in search of his Master, and Cœlebs in search of a Wife, were mere children at play, compared with us. We had lost every thing on which the success of our project depended. The link which connected us with our own country, and all dear to us in the past, and promised to unite us to what we most hoped for in the future, was suddenly cut off. We were in the most perplexing and paradoxical situation imaginable — voyagers by sea without a vessel.

Supposing the wind were to die away, or come out ahead, what a dilemma! For in all probability the Undaunted would not remain long at the Isle of Sal; or at any rate, the Double Eagle would be dispatched to England in charge of a prize-master, or, what would be as bad for us, St. Helena. Then we should be in a nice position in that far land, and at home how supremely ridiculous would we appear! And the camels, — Zahara, and the Bar-

bary States, would never be any the poorer for all the specimens of that useful animal, that we would ever deprive them of. The major positively scowled as these thoughts passed through his mind, and the rest of us were by no means sociably disposed.

We were half inclined to berate Tom soundly for his reckless folly in carrying off the vessel's register, but he seemed so sorry for the offence that we could not do it. After all his disposition was so childlike and cheerful, that we easily forgave follies which seemed only the natural result of light-heartedness.

The wind however continued favorable, and we had plenty of it for the whole passage, and all our discomforts were at once forgotten, when on the fifth day we made the Lion's Head, a high bluff forming the southwest confine of Martinez Bay, in Salt Island. At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with a fresh northeaster, we rounded this point and came in sight of some half dozen vessels at anchor in the bay, among which, to our most grateful delight, we were not long in recognizing the Double Eagle. Our anxiety had been so intense, that when it was thus pleasantly relieved, our joy was proportionably great, and all future possible annoyances seemed unworthy even of a thought. Tom was not only completely reinstated in our good graces, but we rather liked him the better for having furnished us this little episode in the camel hunt.

We remarked that all the shipping were decorated with flags, and that the low white houses and flag-staffs ranged along the sandy beach were also rich in this particular. The people on shore too, as well

as we could distinguish at a distance, seemed to be sauntering rather listlessly about. The captain suggested that it was some "confounded Saint's day," and that of course no work was to be done while it lasted.

We were heading direct for our recovered vessel, but I ventured to observe that perhaps we should do better to go on shore first and learn something of the nature of the case from our consul. This proposition met with no favor whatever, and we soon had the exquisite pleasure of being boated alongside of our own little beauty, and scrambling unceremoniously to her deck. We found her in possession of a strong force.

At the gangway stood a stout, good-natured looking Englishman, in the undress of a lieutenant or a past midshipman, who welcomed us cordially, and escorted us aft, where, beneath the awning, was another taller but equally good looking officer, of apparently a higher grade, holding a book in his hand, in the reading of which we had unexpectedly interrupted him. "Gentlemen," said the latter, bowing gracefully, and introducing himself as Charles Rothery, lieutenant of Her British Majesty's ship, the Undaunted, "I am glad to see you — your arrival is certainly as agreeable as it is unlooked for."

Our captain here stepped forward, and having made himself known, presented us in turn to her majesty's officer.

"Major Wallack, of the Texas rangers."

"Mr. Tom Eddington,"

"Second corporal of the Pizerinctum Guards," added Tom.

"Mr. Joseph Warrener, the last named owner of the American brig Double Eagle, seized, it appears, piratically, by a vessel purporting to be the British ship Un — un —; what may I call her name, sir?" bowing with much solemnity.

"Undaunted," replied the officer, smiling at the *brusquerie* of our captain; "I see we were in error, and we shall make the proper apologies as soon as we can have an understanding. Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us with a bow and smile that was peculiarly winning; "please to feel assured of my sincere regret at this occurrence; my friend Compton and I are perfectly convinced that we are in the wrong, and hesitate not in saying that you will soon explain some trifling irregularity in the documents of this vessel, to our entire satisfaction. In the mean time," turning again to the captain, "may I beg of you to consider us as your guests?"

I looked at the major, he was perfectly bewildered. Rothery had knocked the savagery completely out of him. The first tones of his voice had somehow struck a sympathetic cord in the major's bosom, and it was of no use to keep on that sternness of feature. They were old friends at the moment.

Neither could the captain withstand him. His determination to make "a national affair of it," was the most obsolete of things. "Blast it, lieutenant," said he, as he grasped Rothery's hand with hearty good will, "you do the thing up slick. I wish there were a few more of the same sort in the service. But come, this is dry work. Let's have a plank athwart the binnacle here, and try some lunch. Steward, bring on the fixings."

The steward was not forthcoming, and I now remembered seeing him forward amongst the crew when we came on board, and remarking a very comically frightened look which he wore. The board however was arranged by the cook, and substantially covered with cold ham, sardines, bread and cheese, brandy and beer — to which the captain shortly added a couple bottles of champagne.

A pleasanter social hour I never passed, and two finer specimens of "good fellows," than Compton and Rothery, I cannot call to mind in the circle of my acquaintance.

Tom, it was evident, piqued himself not a little on having been the means of introducing us into such pleasant society, and soon found an opportunity of alluding to it, in connection with the trick which he had played off on "old Ebony."

"That explains the matter of the register excellently well," observed Rothery, "but there is still a slight mystery about the other papers of the ship. Nothing could be found giving any light upon her voyage but the log-book.

"Why," replied the captain, "all my papers were certainly in my chest, and the key was also there. There would have been no impropriety in showing you those documents in the absence of a register, and on board a craft so particularly saucy in the cut of her jib."

"Your first officer looked every where, but without success."

"There is indeed a mystery here," said the captain, "which is worth solving. I must look into it. Steward!"

Still no steward appeared.

"Your steward," observed Compton, "rather favored our suspicions, and even alluded to himself as a sort of decoy."

"I'll decoy him," muttered the captain, "but not now, not quite yet."

"Then all your water casks," continued Compton, "your ropes and braces for slinging the camels on board, your lumber for stalls which by the way was the strongest evidence against you, the last slaver which was seized, having been fitted in a very similar way, owing to a philanthropic notion which the respectable gentlemen in this business have, that it pays to bring the poor devils up to air by turns. This, united with the fact of your first officer's being a foreigner, and having no 'protection,' as you term it, seemed to warrant a temporary detention of your vessel."

"We will consider it settled in that way," said the captain, "and now allow me to ask what is the meaning of this display of flags, since it seems our arrival was unexpected?"

"Another thing to be explained. To-day is the anniversary of Baron Martinez' birth. The baron, be it known, is the great man of this island, owning, in fact, the whole of it; and to-night he gives a grand ball. The Queen of Gambia is to be present. We shall see that your invitations come off in due style this afternoon. The baron will be delighted to have the addition of a few more uniforms to the attractions of his house."

"And when do you sail?" asked the captain.

"To-morrow morning, for Mogadore. At least that was our intention, in order to be back early with the brig and give her owners a chance to reclaim her. I see no reason for changing our determination, unless, indeed, you propose remaining here a few days, in which case we will undertake to show you some of the points of interest in the place."

"We must leave to-morrow, and as we sail together, we will have a chance to try our speed."

"The Undaunted never has been beaten," remarked Rothery, drily.

"And the Double Eagle never can be beat," answered Uncle Jim with equal brevity.

A playful bet, consisting of a dinner at Vinal's, to be provided by the losing vessel was taken, and our new made friends prepared to leave us. With many mutual civilities they descended to their boat, taking with them some dozen man-of-war's-men belonging to their craft, and promising to see us at Martinez' in the evening, pushed off.

As soon as they were gone, the captain went below to look for his papers. They were not in his chest. After hunting for some time, they were found among some rubbish in the steward's locker. He returned to the deck and sung out for the unfortunate Stephen.

"Steward in the fore cross-trees," returned a voice from the forecastle.

There he was crouched, no bad representation, certainly, of a runaway slave, shaking with fear.

"Keep cool, captain," observed the major calmly, coming up out of the cabin with a Kentucky rifle, "I'll plug him."

"And before we could remonstrate, he had levelled at the now shrieking darkey.

"Spring for dear life," shouted the major, "or by the great Jupiter, I shall singe your black wool to a mortal and eternal certainty!"

The whole thing was the affair of a minute. Stephen sprung with a yell just as the rifle sent forth its unerring ball. The hat received what the head barely missed of, and being lifted by the shock, slowly fell after its owner. A shout of derision from the crew accompanied the involuntary Sam Patch plunge of the steward, who, as soon as he arose again to the surface, struck out for the shore, dodging occasionally below the ripples, when the major playfully pointed thitherward his empty rifle.

I know not if he reached the shore, but if so, it is to be hoped that he still lives there, having taken to himself a wife, and engaged in the patriarchal occupation of rearing sons and daughters. One thing is very certain, we saw him no more.

CHAPTER XV.

BARON MARTINEZ.

During the afternoon we sat together under the awning, cool and quiet enough after the exciting events of the morning. We were anchored but a short distance from the Undaunted, and could easily have conversed with her officers by the aid of a trumpet. She was a beautiful specimen of naval architecture, and looked lordly and truly Britannic among the merchantmen about her. The prospect on shore was not decidedly picturesque. The island is nearly one entire sand bank, with scarce vegetation enough in the few rocky bluffs, which exist at rare intervals along its coast, to afford a scanty subsistence to a few miserable goats, and a small million of haggard lizards, evidently the only animals native of the soil. Rain seldom falls; years even elapsing without the sign of a shower. The entire produce of the island is salt, which is made by the evaporation of ocean water, pumped into salinas or salt-pits constructed for the purpose, all of which facts we learned in the course of our afternoon walk on shore.

One will readily believe then, that the view of such a place from the sea would be any thing but inviting. From our earliest days we associate with the idea of tropic scenery, all that is greenest and most luxuriant in vegetation, the palm, the orange, the tamarind, the mango, intermingled with the more delicate and lesser foliage of the annatto, the clove, coffee and pepper trees, and the beautiful cotton plant, to say nothing of the thousand rare species of flowers of every form and shade of grace and comeliness, on which we seldom bestow more than a passing glance; so natural do they seem to the climate and soil. And to think of a residence in a burning clime which lacks all these refreshing appliances, is rather preposterous. However, there was the island — Salt Island — as bare and unpicturesque as the sands of Cape Cod. A few rods from the shore was a row of two-story houses, tapering to houses of one-story on one side, most of them cleanlily whitewashed, and the larger having verandas in front. There were several flags displayed from these houses, among which I noticed an immense Portuguese one, from the central and largest house in the group, and also the British, American, Brazilian, and Spanish. Two or three straggling flag-staffs were adorned in like manner with the Portuguese flag.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, our invitations were duly received from the eldest son of the old baron, who came off in a sloop boat. He also invited us to go on shore with him and take a walk as far as the salinas, returning in season to take tea

with his father, who occupied the large house with the large flag in the centre of the settlement.

As the baron's son suggested the possibility of our being upset in the rollers going on shore, we packed our evening bravery in water-proof trunks, and lost no time in setting out. Tom, however, preferred taking the ship's boat and running the risk of a capsize, as he said he should be on shore and have time to dry himself twice, before we got there. He did get on shore first, and he did get capsized, but he did not have time to dry his clothes at all, before we arrived, though he did make his wet state an excuse for taking two glasses of brandy before tea.

We were landed on the natives' shoulders in a highly picturesque manner, the ladies having an evident desire to scream, and being prevented only by the large number of people in waiting to receive us. The old baron was there amongst the rest, a decrepid looking old man, with a very sallow complexion, gray hair and moustaches, and sunken, but still bright eyes. He was dressed in a pair of white pantaloons, very small and rather short, a long brown frock coat, made, probably, in Ann street, Boston, and a high-crowned, narrow-brimmed black hat. His shirt, stockings, and vest, were white and spotless. He was smoking a short pipe when we landed, and as he was always smoking the same whenever I saw him afterwards, it may be properly introduced as a part of his costume.

We were presented by Tom, who was already on the best of terms with the old baron, having drunk twice with him since his arrival, and then at the

suggestion of the baron's son, accompanied by the Brazilian consul, a Frenchman by the name of Lagrange, and a Captain Jill of a Portland barque in the bay, moved off towards the salt-works. I recollect distinctly walking with the old baron, and finding it very difficult to keep from laughing at the droll attempts made by captain Jill to talk with the Frenchman in his native tongue, which consisted in saying "wee" to every thing the Frenchman said, and then speaking bad English in a very loud tone, interspersed with such ambiguous expressions as "star bono," "mucho freeo," and "wooley woo kickshins."

Nothing particular occurred after we got to the salt-works. They were a very simple affair in themselves, being nothing more than pits cut in the sand into which the salt water was poured by machinery worked by hand. Along side of the pits was a pile of salt big enough to load a hundred ships, according to the baron's estimate. From this pile there was a railroad to the beach, worked by mules, which gave quite a civilized appearance to the barren waste. Captain Jill and Tom were a little disappointed in not finding a bar at the salt-works, but we had a pleasant walk notwithstanding.

At tea we got along very well. The baron put his short pipe along side of his plate, and occasionally took it up during the repast, to have a whiff or two, probably to prevent the fire from going out. There was quite a party of us. The baron's posterity was well represented by two sons and three unmarried daughters. The Brazilian consul and his

wife, also a daughter of the baron's, were there, and there too, "in beauty like the night," was the illustrious Queen of Gambia.

I was particularly struck with the appearance of the baron's youngest daughter. In features they were all three alike, having the same classic profile, and languid eyes and lashes which I had remarked in the baron and his eldest son. They were all handsome girls, although in our northern drawing-rooms, the tropic tint, which in them was strongly marked, might, by some, be deemed a blemish. But there was something about the youngest that was singularly unique. I cannot easily describe what it was. She was gay, but her thoughts did not seem to linger and be satisfied with her gaiety. She was very easy and graceful, and yet every movement seemed somehow or other a forced one, as if she felt upon her limbs certain restraints which the eye saw not, as if she would be infinitely more graceful if this something did not oppress her. But it was not her manner that impressed me so strangely. Her countenance was the most incomprehensible, perplexing, yet interesting one that I ever saw. It had never two expressions alike, but changed momentarily; and her eyes seemed as restless as the wind, and to my seeming looked farther away from where we sat than I believed it possible for human eyes to do. Her complexion was more clear and transparent than her sisters', which, united with the slender elegance of her form, and a peculiar manner in which her jet black hair was brushed away from the beautiful outline of her face, gave her an airy, fawn-

like aspect. My wife joked me a little on my close observation of this island beauty, and said she was just the kind of feminine mystery for a madcap adventurer to fall in love with. She was, nevertheless, ready to acknowledge that she was an interesting study, but said she seemed to her more like a timid bird just caged than any thing human.

After tea the ladies retired to dress, and the baron having resumed his pipe, and furnished cigars for the rest of us, we went out on the veranda to smoke. It was a clear, beautiful night. The sky was without a cloud, and thickly covered with stars, that never twinkled more brightly. The old ocean looked so placid and serene, stretching away off to the dark blue horizon, with the shipping in the bay like tiny specks upon its bosom, and the long yellow sandy beach was so clean and inviting in the rich glimmer of the young moon! It was a picture of tranquillity, that was soothing as well as imposing in its grand and simple sublimity. How on such evenings are our thoughts prone to wander back to our friends, wherever they may be, but only because we wish them to be with us. We think of them with a quiet regret, that they should be away, for at such times our souls seem larger and more teeming with affection than usual, and we feel that we can love better than ever. And it seemed to me then that I had done the desolate island some wrong in my first opinion of it, so, by way of atonement, I observed to the old man, who was smoking by my side, that the view was a delightful one, and that in the quiet flow of life, amid such primitive scenes,

there must be more real happiness, than in the false and fevered stir of cities.

"Humph!" said the venerable consumer of the weed, and as he continued smoking for some time without speaking further, I supposed it was intended as a rebuke to my sentiment.

"We can bear it," he said at length, "and we do bear it,"—here his voice assumed a hissing sound, and he almost glared at me out of his bright eyes, as if angry because I had discovered his secret, — "we do bear it, I say, for the sake of money."

I saw that I was in his confidence, evidently unwillingly to him, and had only to utter some commonplace expressions of surprise, at the confession of such a ruling principle in one situated as he was, when he continued as I expected he would, —

"Yes, young man, you, doubtless, think me happy in my independence. I am rich; I have my family about me, and my retainers, who would go through fire and blood to serve me. What you see on this island is mine — accomplished and acquired by my industry and perseverance. It is a position which should be an easy and happy one. But the story that it keeps repeating to my mind is any thing but pleasant. I cared as little for money once as you do now, or any of those madcap officers of the Undaunted. I was rather a wild boy, and obstinate and capricious, but not bad. When I stopped to think, I know my thoughts were never bad ones.

"I was the second son, and my mother's favorite. My father, too, liked me, and I thought was proud of me for my very strong self-will. It was some-

thing like his own. I married young — at the age of nineteen — against the wishes of both. That I was never sorry for. My mother, when she came to know my wife, loved her as a daughter, and my father was never so happy as when our first child called him by the affectionate name of grandpa. My brother and I never interfered with each other, and were always friendly. I had a sister younger than myself, who loved me second only to my mother, and whom I loved in return with a purer intensity than I ever experienced towards any thing else human. We were a happy family.

"But after I had been married about four years, my mother died. I was away from home at the time, travelling with my family. On my return they showed me her grave; and my father, with his manly eyes overflowing, told me how peacefully she died, and gave me her parting message. I was still happy, though a sombre shadow hung over my life and prospects, when I thought that the sweet face which had always a smile and a welcome for her truant boy, and the breast on which my head had never wearied of lying, even till manhood, was now mouldering in the ground upon which I trod. But I was happy, for I knew that she was so, and I knew that she never tired in her love for me to the last. My father seemed to like those of us who were left better than ever, and my children were never out of his fond arms.

"I was a restless fellow then, and could not remain long at home. This time we were absent about a year. When we returned we went first to the old

mansion. There was a new face and a new order of things established there. My father was married again. This was bad enough. The old house could never be the same to me again. I soon saw that I was not to be the favorite I had been. I didn't mind this either. But when I witnessed in this new love of my sire's old age, a forgetfulness of his past affections, — when I saw him so wrapped up in his attentions to this (to me) strange woman, that even the darling prattle of my little ones failed to interest, and seemed rather to annoy him, — it was as if my eyes were opened for the first time in my life to the miserable infirmities of our common nature.

"Again I went abroad, and again I came home to find the greatest change of all, — my father was dying. I was in time to receive his blessing. My children were all with him, and he seemed to love them as before. The film which the strange woman had made creep over the eyes of my dear old parent was withdrawn, and he saw and loved us as in our happier days. He died like a brave old eagle in his eyrie, with his young about him, and he sleeps now by the side of his first, and I am sure, his only love.

"Well, what followed is worst of all. This woman's character came to light. She was a mercenary wretch. She and my elder brother contrived to keep a tight grasp of my father's property. I didn't care much for this, as long as I had what I wanted, and saw my sister well provided for. At length I was refused money. Now, reared as I had been, — accustomed to have every wish gratified as soon as expressed, — this want was galling enough. But I

lived along for a while receiving what was given me; while my brother, who had no family, launched out into the wildest speculations. I was embarrassed and shunned; he was opulent and courted. I never received any statement of affairs from him. I never dared trust myself to ask for any. I wished to believe, and I do believe that there was no wrong intention, and perhaps no wrong any way, for I could not bear, of all differences, to have any with my own blood, so mean as that of money. My sister, poor little fool that she was, was completely under the dominion of our stepmother, and I thought that her kind, loving spirit would plead silently for her rights better than all the language in the world. So I never interfered.

"With my sensitive temperament this state of things could not last. To practise economy was a hateful task to me. My old home had become more distasteful than ever. I resolved to make a new one. One evening, — I was at the old house for the last time, — some unpleasant conversation on the subject of money had taken place between my stepmother, my brother, and myself. We were none of us angry, but we were decided in maintaining the parts we had taken. I told them that never in the future would I cross their path, — that I would go away, and in new scenes would forget the past, that I would act on the bitter knowledge I had acquired, and one day become rich, no matter at what sacrifice. I thought at that moment, that perhaps some time my brother might be differently situated from what he was then, and might come to me for aid.

Then would be the moment for my revenge, when, from my hoards, I would pour upon him a deluge of the dross which I despised. I kept this thought to myself, and, without a sigh or murmur, bade them farewell, not thinking that it was forever.

"It was a fine, clear winter night; I shall never forget its quiet beauty, so at variance with my own unrest. I remember well pausing for a moment in the avenue of old trees which led away from my father's house, and looking back. The fine old building in its towered and pillared beauty never before wore to my eye an aspect so magnificent and solemn. While I stood there a light came into my sister's chamber, and I knew she had gone thither to pray for me. I half resolved to turn back for her sake, but it was too late.

"Well, we came here, no matter how or why. Fortune has favored me ever since, so far as money is a favor. You will see what the place is. It is all mine, and I have ten times more value elsewhere; but it is turned into a curse, and I am miserable in proportion as my gains increase. I tremble to think of what I am to leave to my children, and I love the dust too well in my wretched dotage to part with a grain unnecessarily.

"My brother failed in some mad speculations and was ruined. I knew nothing of it till he had died by his own hand. My sister was ruined with him; and the gold that I sent her reached Portugal after she too had died, and died of want. What a mockery then was wealth! As mine increased, it seemed like a weight pressing me to the earth. I thought

to love it for the great and generous deeds it would enable me to perform, and I have come to love it for itself. The time has come for my revenge, but there are none left to feel it, and I have no heart to take it upon strangers.

"And my sons and daughters, — they may one day feel, as my father's children felt. The passion for acquiring may spring up in their souls, and turn to ashes every other feeling. Oh, God! to think that even the little Francesca, the child of my old age, she who is now like what her mother was when I first saw her, so pure and innocent, though wild and tameless as a seagull, already suffers the curse unconsciously, in what she is denied. Is this sand-bank a fitting home for her, who should be the admired star in European saloons, and is by nature qualified to take a proud place among the fairest and most gifted? But I dare not send her there, for she is inexperienced and rich. So she lives here, and even her riotous mirth and bounding happiness oppresses me, when I sometimes think of how she will change when she knows that she has been deprived of all for which young hearts beat high, and which woman's soul so dearly loves, — and knows that my cowardice and avarice have done it!

"There is a good deal more that I think of, but never mind; it is no time to discuss these things now. Young man, what I have said keep to yourself. Perhaps it may be of use to you; but never speak of it to others. For my part, I must forget these things, to-night at least."

The old man and I were alone on the gallery

when he finished speaking. His earnest manner had kept me a patient listener. Much that he had said commanded my respect, and the feeling which he showed, when he alluded to his mother and sister, won my love. He was much better than he gave himself credit for; on that account I have seen fit to disregard his request, and introduce his story into this narrative.

His remarks about his youngest daughter interested me exceedingly, and I began to think I had some clue to her character. How strange, too, that he should have likened her to a bird, as my wife had done.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BALL.

The ball-room was a large apartment, brilliantly lighted, and brightly ornamented with flags, pictures, and artificial flowers. Several large mirrors reflected its splendors in great profusion, as well as the dashing uniforms and *belles toilettes* of the assembled revellers. The hall opened upon a veranda on each side, beyond which was seen distinctly, on the one part, the long sandy desert, reaching to the horizon, and on the other, the equally placid ocean. It was certainly a gay picture in its vast and simple setting, creditable to the baron's family, and particularly creditable to the island where it was produced.

The officers of the Undaunted were there in great force. The Frenchman was decidedly brilliant in full ball costume, "*a la grande mode de Paris.*" Captain Jill was on hand, too, navigating loosely about in a short-waisted blue frock coat, and an immensity of well-starched shirt-collar. There was a peculiarity about the captain's arrangement of his hair, which was either a new fashion or a very old

one; and on this ground I may be pardoned for alluding to it. The top of his head was entirely bald, but his hair grew long upon the sides, and on this occasion was brushed up and twisted over the bald portion, (not, however, so thoroughly but that certain bare places were still visible between the streaks,) making a kind of rooster-like comb in the centre, and giving him the appearance of a ferocious dunghill. If this arrangement possessed no other merit, it served in this instance to display to fine advantage a huge pair of blood-red ears.

If, among the ladies, the baron's daughters were remarkable for beauty, the Queen of Gambia and her sable attendants were no less conspicuous for the opposite little failing. Her Majesty, however, was a fat, good-natured Ethiopian, and if the circle of her admirers was rather limited, it was probably owing to the sultriness of the weather. She was attired in white, with a gay blue and white silk handkerchief twisted round her head, and a sash of the same colors tied about her waist. Her ornaments were heavy, plain, and all of the intrinsic. There was gold in profusion, but there were "none so poor as to do it reverence."

After paying my respects to the baron and his worthy lady, I shaped my course towards a corner, where were the two younger daughters of the baron, Compton, Rothery, Tom, and an officer of the British frigate whom I had not previously seen. He was a trim built fellow, with a frank, handsome countenance, rather square, and set off with a pair of truly British whiskers. There was a dare-deviltry

in his eye and mien, positively enchanting. Tom, who knew him well, of course, having been acquainted nearly ten minutes, introduced him as the "doctor."

"A trump," whispered Tom in my ear, admiringly; "knows pork from a side of sole leather, and is to sing a song at supper, 'composed expressly for the occasion,' by that poetical-looking gentleman yonder."

The gentleman alluded to was a tall, thin, melancholy-looking individual, with long, straight black hair, a beardless, sallow face, and a drooping, but rather pleasant eye. He seemed to be taking no part in the amusement of the evening, but, like Lara, smiled pensively on the gay crowd. He made up for this inaction, however, at supper, where he entered fully into the ceremony of eating and drinking. He was dressed, like the doctor, whose surname, by the bye, was Hapgood, in the costume of a civil officer in the British navy, and I was afterwards presented to him as Purser Sly.

"I say, Jill," sung out Hapgood, drawing attention to the adventurous captain, who was laboring across the room under a press of shirt-collar, evidently in the conviction that the queen and her row of attendants was an ugly lee shore, to be clawed off from, if possible; "Jill, allow me to inquire if you would n't go along easier by taking a reef or two in your flying skysails?"

"I declare," observed Francesca, "you are too bad, doctor. See, you have made the poor capitano jump so that he has cut his ear."

"But he did it professionally," answered Tom; he wanted the job of sewing it up."

"I am not so clear about that," returned Hapgood; "I think he is pretty well sewed up already. But hark, here comes our captain, 'old Brevity,' as he is better known; the fun 'll soon commence now. Ladies and gentlemen, hold your horses!"

A lumbering sound was heard upon the stairs, as of a heavy man getting up with difficulty, and a rough sailor voice warbling loudly the sweet but melancholy chanson of

"Pretty Polly Parton, she was a damsel gay,"

A short, thick-set, unmistakably jolly-looking individual entered, in the full dress uniform of a British navy captain. He marched up to the baron with a certain man-of-war dignity, and premising with a bow to his lady that he was "hers to command," slapped the venerable nobleman vigorously on the shoulder, with a hearty "Well, old boy, how goes it to-night; never better, eh?" He then thrust his hands deep into his side-pockets, shrugged his shoulders a very little, and took a bird's eye survey of the company, with the air of a man on his own quarter-deck. Next he ventured within the charmed circle of the queen's influence. Here he was rather more respectful in his obeisance.

"Upon the word of an old salt," said he, still bowing, "your majesty is looking charming this evening. With such allies as you and the Mosquito King, Victoria may make herself as comfortable as a duck in a mud-puddle."

"You ver good, capitan," answered the fair lady of Gambia, "me likee English ver much; you come Gambia, capitan, me gib you present plenty."

"Brevity is the soul of wit," said the captain, looking round triumphantly. "While Robert Junius Brutus Julius Cæsar Smilie lives, which he has good reason to hope he will do till he dies, your majesty may count on one old sea-dog who will bark and bite, too, if it comes to that, in her defence."

"His name is plain Robert Smilie," observed Rothery, in explanation, "but he is always classic when at all under the influence of Bacchus. We shall soon have an allusion to the Pacha of Egypt, his great authority for every thing, but of whom he knows nothing but the name."

The brave old captain, by this time, had spied out the youngest Miss Martinez in our group, and came over to join us.

"Frank," said he, giving her hand a real sailor squeeze, "you saucy little witch, why did you wait for me to hunt you out? You used to take forcible possession, as soon as my likely countenance showed itself on the tapis. But you was a little disappointed this evening in its not proving to be somebody else, eh? a certain we know who, eh, Frank?"

"You were so much occupied in paying your respects to the queen, that I was unwilling to interrupt you."

"Mahomed Ali is the Pacha of Egypt," said the captain, by way of apology. "Discipline must be observed. I respect those above me in position and authority, and those beneath me have got to haul on the same greased pig-tail."

"But I should have thought," said the elder Miss Martinez, "that a gentleman of your well-known

gallantry would have invited her majesty to a fandango."

"Oh, do, captain," persisted Frank, "it will be so delightful."

The captain, nothing loth to display his agility as a gay disciple of Terpsichore, returned to the queen, who accepted his polite invitation with a liberal display of ivory.

Before taking the floor, however, the royal dame bent over and removed her shoes, and then commenced deliberately taking off her stockings.

"Heaven help us," said Hapgood, raising his hands in consternation at the sight, "she's going to undress."

"I have heard," said Tom, "of going it with a perfect looseness, but had always supposed it to be a mere figure of speech."

"Now don't feel too bad," said Frank, "it's a custom of the coast always to remove the shoes and stockings before dancing. They also take them off when caught out in a rain, and carry them home under their arms. But see, they are going to begin."

"Strike up 'grog time o' day,'" called out the captain, with a menacing look at the musicians; and at it they went.

Reader, if you have ever seen Fanny Ellsler or Taglioni, you have seen something very unlike the style of dancing practised by Captain Smilie and the Gambian Queen; but if you have ever seen two huge tapirs coming up from a bath in some reedy river, and shaking the water from their reeking

sides in unwieldy gambols, you have seen something similar. They kept at it while the perspiration rolled in rivers down their cheeks, and as the merriment of the spectators increased, so much the more seriously did they perform their parts. They seemed the very personification of the spirit of uncouth fun, which for the nonce was running riot in the crowd. "When the cat sleeps the mice may play," says the old proverb, and while their commander thus, like the eagle, renewed his youth, the boys of the ship made merry among themselves, according to their notions of amusement.

"Go it while you 're young," said one.

"Man smoking — put him out," said another.

"Somebody catch Capt. Jill," said a third, "and take that brick out of his hat."

Others addressed the queen by the democratic name of Sal, and kindly offered to hold her bonnet. The captain was encouraged to persevere by such cheering counsel as "Go it, old Brevity, never say die," "Hit him again, blue jacket," "Never mind the expense, have a good time while it lasts," and other delicate and refined expressions of advice.

But every thing must have an end, and so did this fandango. Whether it was the musicians who got tired first, or not, I do not now recollect; at any rate, the music and dancing ceased, and the heroic officer, not a little proud of his achievement, led the perspiring "cullud pussun" to her seat.

After this the dancing commenced in good earnest — quadrille, contre dance, polka and fandango — and a gay time we had of it till midnight. There

was a certain freshness about the scene, an unbridled spirit of enjoyment afloat, that was really delightful. There was no *arriere pensée*, no *mauvais sens*, to mock the glittering show. Every body seemed bent on enlarging to the utmost the area of fun, and certainly the very atmosphere was impregnated with its spirit. I could not help contrasting this little party of the islanders with some similar assemblies in other and prouder lands, and you may believe that the former suffered nothing from the contrast. "The spoony body of young gentlemen doing the attentive," immortalized in Charles O'Malley, were wanting. That interesting class of young men who hang about the door and discuss the amount of property supposed to be possessed by the several young ladies inside, were likewise absent. That agreeable coterie of matrons, known under the general head of manœuvring mammas, were in a like situation with Brick, in the well known case of "Flour *vs.* Brick"—nowhere. And where was that unhappy class of youthful beauties, fair to look upon, but inwardly full of envy and jealousy, in whose breast the sight of a more costly jewel or a richer robe on the person of a rival is sufficient to create a very hell of evil passions? We had none of these. We were rather a motley crew, a little rowdy, if you will, but at all events we attained the object of our pursuit. Every body seemed to think, say, and do as they pleased, and no body thought of being offended at any thing at all. It was one of the few frank and free moments of my life, and as such I look back upon it with the sincerest pleasure.

Even the poetical Mr. Sly enjoyed it in his peculiar way. "Sir," said he to me, just before we were called to supper, "this is a delightful occasion. I am reminded of the song of the Dancers in Yendys' poem entitled the Roman. The spirit is here to-night, if some outward appliances are wanting. I can see no sacrilege in the quotation.

"Sing lowly, foot slowly, oh, why should we chase
The hours that give heaven to this earthly embrace;
To-morrow, to-morrow is dreary and lonely,
Then love as they love, who would live to love only;
Closer yet eyes of jet — breasts fair and sweet,
No eyes flash like those eyes that flash as they meet.
Weave brightly, wear lightly the love-woven chain, —
Love on for to-night, if we ne'er love again:
Fond youths, happy maidens, we are not alone,
Bright steps and sweet voices keep pace with our own;
Love-lorn Lusignola, the soft sighing breeze,
The rose with the zephyr, the wind with the trees,
While heaven, blushing pleasure, is full of love's notes,
Soft down the sweet measure the fairy world floats."

The quotation was certainly not a very appropriate one. However, in a crowd, there is always a chance for a variety of sentiments.

A little after midnight we descended to the supper-room. Where the display of fish, flesh and fowl, to say nothing of pastry, preserves, and fresh fruit under which the tables fairly bent, came from, is a mystery to me to the present moment. I presume some British steamer had been there within a few days, and had left many of these luxuries in ice. I am sure that I did not see double, and yet it would be

much easier to tell what was not there, than what was. As for decanters filled with almost every known kind of wine, long-necked bottles, and square big-bellied bottles, with scarcely any neck at all, wine-glasses of every form, size, and color — these were thrust in wherever there was an opening of sufficient magnitude, and would, doubtless, have suggested to the mind of a temperance lecturer, no less a consummation than the end of the world.

"Sly," said Hapgood beckoning to the purser, "you look hungry; now just place yourself in the middle of the table, and when you have eaten every thing within reach on both sides, you can move, you know."

"This empty decanter," observed Captain Jill from the other end of the room, handing one which he had just finished drinking the contents of, to a slave to be filled, "was probably put on by mistake."

In the course of the toasts, one in honor of the British navy called up Captain Smilie, who made quite a characteristic speech.

"'Brevity is the soul of wit,'" prefaced the captain. "I would rather see a man nervously brief, than eloquently diffuse. Mahomed Ali is the Pacha of Egypt, and Robert Junius Brutus Julius Cæsar Smilie is commander of her Britannic Majesty's frigate the Undaunted. Julius Cæsar is ready to obey all orders of his superiors, legal or illegal, and, Julius Cæsar expects every body under him in authority to obey all his orders, legal, illegal, or otherwise."

"The Merchant Service" brought out Captain

Jill, — "I d'no," said the venerable navigator, "as I can make a speech. Fact is, I ain't much used to navigating on that tack. I'm a web footer, genuine, and speaking of web-footers reminds me of a story, which seeing as I can't make a speech, I'll tell you on instead.

"I was born in the State of Maine. When I was a boy, I went down to Kennebunk to see my uncle. 'John,' said he to me one day — my Christian name is John, and the boys at school used to make fun o' me on that account, sayin' as how I was Jack and Jill both, two indiwidooals in one, — well, my uncle said, says he, 'John,' says he, 'leave off suckin' cider, and come and take a squint at my web-footed pigs.' Web-footed pigs, thinks I, I guess as how he don't want me a drinkin' up his cider, for I had my eye-teeth cut jest about that time, and could see as fur through a millstone as any body, particularly when there was a hole in it. And I didn't believe in any such animals as web-footed pigs. However, thinks I, seein' is believin'. So I jest followed him round back of the old barn, and sure enough, there was a litter of nine little pigs, all web-footed like ducks."

Some laughed, rather incredulously to be sure, others shook their heads waggishly, and said the old fellow was "hard to beat." Tom gave a low whistle, and requested to have the rules suspended for a moment while he favored the company with a story.

"I was born," said Tom, "in the old Bay State. When I was a boy I went to see my uncle. He lived

in the State of Arkansas, called down there 'Rackansaw.' 'Tom,' said he to me one day, 'did you ever see a jointed snake?' 'No,' says I, 'what's that?' 'A snake,' says he, 'put together like my fishing-rod that I bought last summer in Orleans. You fetch him a lick, and he unscrews, and one joint goes one way, and another another, but they have an understanding where to meet and come together.' Thinks I, that's a snake story. However, seein' is believin'. Well, one day I was out gunning, and I came across a tremendous snake coiled up in fine style. He was eyeing me rather too knowingly, when I fetched him over the head with the butt-end of my fowling-piece. Sure enough he began to unscrew, and came apart in thirty pieces. I thought I'd follow one. After going about half a mile it stopped in a bit of a clearing, and the twenty-nine other parts came in from different quarters at the same time, and fitted themselves together again, more neatly and quickly than uncle ever begun to fix his fishing-rod."

After this of course there were no more stories.

We were enjoying ourselves finely. The old baron's set included the ladies of our party, Compton, and Rothery. They were the conservative party. The royal party, comprising the major among others, were in the same neighborhood. They were also a quiet set. In fact the major was improving the opportunity by getting information out of the queen about her own country, and the mysterious old city of Tombuctoo, which she had frequently visited, with a regal train of camels. The balance of us were outsiders, progress people, young England, web-

footers, — any thing. It having got abroad among this latter class, that Hapgood was prepared with a song, loud calls for the same were heard in every part of the room, and silence having been restored by the spiritual rappings of Captain Smilie, the doctor, in a fine, clear voice, delivered himself as follows : —

HAPGOOD'S SONG.

When we left the shores of England,
In the sunny days of yore,
For to sail o'er distant oceans
To a far and foreign shore,
Oh, our hearts were sad within us,
For we thought we ne'er should find
Such brave and trusty hearts again,
As those we'd left behind.

CHORUS.

Oh, every man's a fool, boys,
Who has n't crossed the line, —
We've found a home in many a land,
And friends in every clime.

No doubt you all remember,
When you were young and silly,
Full many a stroll in New Bond Street,
And lounge in Piccadilly ;
You never dreamt of the Cape de Verds,
Or heard of the Isle of Sal,
Your geographical knowledge stopped
On " the shady side of Pall Mall."

CHORUS.

Oh, every man's a fool, boys, &c

Britannia's a brave old lass,
And she'll do well enough,
If, when all Europe goes adrift,
She'll only keep her luff; —
A good old mother she has been,
But yet, my luckiest day,
Was when I cut the apron strings,
And tore myself away.

CHORUS.

Oh, every man's a fool, boys, &c.

This remarkable effusion of Purser Sly's genius was received with rapturous applause. The only disadvantage arising from the applause being, that it was somewhat irregular, coming in occasionally at the conclusion of a stanza, and effectually drowning Hapgood's cry of chorus. Once Captain Jill made an effort to get up a hip-hip hurrah, in the middle of a verse, but was not successful, and being a little abashed at his failure, roared out lustily, on the chorus afterwards, breaking in fiercely just a line behind the rest. Nevertheless, Hapgood, who devoutly believed it to be the greatest song ever written, sang it with excellent grace, and as every one had a chance to assist, it operated precisely like the children's game of Hunt the Slipper, or Ladies' Toilet, and put us all in excellent humor.

When Captain Smilie rapped on the board immediately after to call the attention of the company, a proposition was made to him to mount the table. But that efficient officer had weighter matters on his mind. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he sol-

emnly looking round, and evidently seeing nobody, "I move that the thanks of this crowd be tendered to Mr. Purser Sly, for the elegant song which he has composed for the occasion, and to Dr. Hapgood, for the agreeable manner in which he has sung the same; and allow me to add as a matter of personal opinion, that the song has merit, and one great merit in particular — it was nervously brief."

Captain Jill next asked permission to tell a story, which being granted, he, with a genial forgetfulness, repeated the tale of the web-footed pigs.

On our return to the dancing-room we found a long table placed at one end of the apartment, covered with an immense set of tea-things.

"What is the meaning of this, Frank?" inquired Captain Smilie.

"We are going to have tea."

"Tea, tea," said the captain, musingly. "I don't know as I understand. Tea — aye — yes. Tea you said, I think."

"It is a production of China," observed Rothery.

"Oh, that indeed," pursued the captain, still musing, "but what do you do with it?"

"Drink it."

"Mr. Rothery," continued the captain, looking him solemnly in the face, "are you going to drink any, Sir?"

Rothery replied in the affirmative.

"Then I will drink some," concluded the captain, clenching his fist with an air of awful determination. "Mahomed Ali is the Pacha of Egypt. Nobody shall say, that Julius Cæsar Smilie was ever afraid to drink any thing that any body else drank."

But a long ringing shout outside, as if the whole populace were excited by a feeling of uncontrollable joy, called us to the veranda, and the tea missed its market.

"Viva!" shouted Frank, pointing to a black cloud rising rapidly above the Lion's Head, and gradually overspreading all that quarter of the sky; "we are going to have such a glorious rain squall."

CHAPTER XVII.

A RAIN SQUALL.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and the approach of rain was the signal for a general breaking up of the party. Uncle Jim went down to the beach with the officers of the Undaunted, to hail for our boat.

They were all gone but our party. We were standing on the veranda, watching the cloud, which slowly but steadily came up from the deep, darkening an entire quarter of the heavens. The atmosphere was still and oppressive; a short, sharp streak of lightning occasionally shot across the pitchy surface of the cloud, revealing its outline more distinctly, and leaving a profounder gloom behind.

Frank's spirits had been gradually rising since the first squally symptom showed itself; and, now, that there was the prospect of a smart gale, accompanied by thunder and lightning, they fairly effervesced, and she skipped restlessly from side to side, as if she only needed wings to fly away, and soar, and scream, and exult in the threatening war of elements. At length, unable to remain quiet any longer, she proposed to us to go over to the Lion's Head, where,

she said, we should be nearer the storm, and see and feel it more in its wildness and grandeur than at home, shut up in the house.

"'Pa," said she, "has got a trunk of rubber clothing, and we can rig ourselves up grandly, and no fear of catching cold. I always wear a rubber jacket when I am out boating."

We acceded to Frank's proposition, not, however, without certain misgivings that we were getting ourselves into a scrape thereby. Enveloped in our rubber leggins, paletots, sacks, hoods and sow'westers, we looked more like a band of black friars going forth on some deed of midnight atrocity, than a party of dancers issuing from a ball-room.

We took our way to the beach, led on by Frank, who knew the way in the darkness as well as by broad daylight. We followed the shore along till we came to a point of loose rocks, over which we were obliged to scramble to reach the long beach which connected the island with the Lion's Head. This was about a quarter of a mile in length, similar to the beach leading from the town of Lynn to Nahant, but more level, and less removed above the surface of the sea. As we traversed this neck of land we felt the wind to be rising rapidly. The sky was almost entirely overcast, and it was only now and then, by the aid of a vivid flash of lightning, that we were enabled to behold the path which the encroaching sea made momentarily narrower. I saw, that in a short time, if the wind increased, as there was every probability of its doing, the sea would make a complete breach over this sandy strip

of soil, and effectually prevent our return to the island for some hours at least. The rain had commenced falling in big drops, pattering upon our rubber coats like hailstones. The famous Lion's Head, to which we were making our delectable journey, afforded no prospect of a shelter, being nothing but a bluff steep promontory of bald rocks — a charming spot certainly to visit at four o'clock in the morning, in a dirty rain storm, after dancing all night. I must confess, that, for one, I felt particularly foolish, and did not see the wit of dragging ourselves off here to enjoy the storm, when we might have been snugly sheltered in the baron's hospitable mansion.

But there was no help for it now. Indeed, before we reached the Head an occasional roller would break completely over the beach, "soaking our corns," as Tom observed, and bringing to our recollection queerly enough, Captain Jill's story of the "web-footed pigs."

We clambered up the rocks with the best grace possible under the circumstances, and were no sooner seated, huddled together, in the forlorn hope of being cosy, than the "enjoyment" commenced in good earnest. The sky was of a pitchy darkness, the rain fell in torrents, the wind had increased to such an extent as almost to lift us bodily from our seats on the rock; and the hoarse noise of the breakers thundering against the cliffs on the windward side of us, was perfectly terrific. The thunder and lightning had possession of the upper air. By the broad sharp flashes of the latter we saw ourselves as on a desolate rock, with the ocean boiling and

raging around us, for no trace was left of the path by which we came, — all was a rolling, fretting, foaming sea. And the reverberations of the former resounded gloomily about the caves of our dreary rock, and then rolled heavily off to leeward, dying away on the far solitary waste, but leaving no interval of silence behind.

"Isn't it grand?" exclaimed Frank gleefully after the most tremendous clap yet. "How free and happy one feels in such a scene, and how much nearer do we seem to the great Being who speaks in the thunder and rides on the whirlwind!"

"Oh, it's quite delightful," answered Tom, shivering as if in an ague fit. "I think I could stay here for several days without eating. How are you enjoying yourself, major?"

The major's teeth chattered audibly, but he made an effort to express a hope that our rock would not be overflowed.

Indeed there seemed to be some reason for fearing this, for the spray from the crashing breakers beneath was already dashing at times upon our hoods and capes.

Frank, however, assured us of the contrary, and besides she said we could go whenever we pleased.

"Go!" uttered the major in consternation, and to confess the truth, we all began to have certain vague suspicions that Frank would turn out to be something "uncannie" who had lured us thither for our destruction. Going from where we were seemed likely to be attended with the same results, as "going" from the top of St. Paul's would be if somebody should cut away the staircase.

We thought of our comfortable cabin on board of the Double Eagle, and our little ones sleeping tranquilly in its pleasant state-rooms!

Another flash of lightning lit up the scene, and presented to view a prospect which drew off our thoughts from our own situation. A long reef of high, sharp, black rocks extended southerly from the Lion's Head. These were usually bare, but now the sea was beating over them, leaving only their grim heads occasionally visible above the milky foam. A small boat with a reefed leg-of-mutton sail was seen trying to claw off from these rocks. There was only one man on board that we could see, who was tugging at his oars, cross-handed, in a desperate effort to save himself.

"The ninny!" exclaimed Frank petulantly, rising suddenly from her luxurious seat, "he 'll be lost!"

The fearless girl divested herself of her cape and hood, and tying her white mantilla tight beneath her chin, left us before we could interpose any objection; springing from cliff to cliff in the direction of the reef, with all the grace and agility of a fawn, while the ends of her mantilla fluttered in the wind like the wings of a bird.

We shuddered, for we thought she must be a spirit of the storm, or madly bent on self-destruction.

The next flash showed her to us again fairly out upon the reef, swooping from rock to rock like a wild seagull, and within a few paces of the boat, now certain of destruction.

"The bird! the bird!" exclaimed the major's wife, springing up and clapping her hands. "She

will come back and bring the boatman, and we shall all be saved."

A strange sensation thrilled through my mind as I recognized in the scene about us the exact counterpart of the vision which Mrs. Wallack had described to us during our journey to Wed-noon in our tent upon the desert.

"All's well that ends well," piously ejaculated the major; "we shall see."

We were too much excited to converse further, and waited eagerly for the next revelation.

The next gleam was a short one, but during its continuance we saw the boat distinctly enough beating upon the reef, but no signs of Frank or the boatman.

We now held our breath in suspense, for another flash of lightning would confirm either our hopes or fears. It came, lighting the heavens from horizon to horizon with a glare like that of midday, and there was the gallant girl, leaping from rock to rock on her return, gleesome as a child at play or a bird upon the wing, followed bravely by a form there was no mistaking.

"Glorious Dick Vinal! by all that's great," shouted the major, leaping to his feet and waving his cap enthusiastically above his head, "all's well now. With such pure spirits as Frank Martinez and Dick Vinal by our side, we may safely bid defiance to wicked men, the devil and the elements!"

They were with us in a moment. Gratitude, admiration, love beamed in their countenances, as flash succeeding flash revealed them to each other; but

their manner of expressing their feelings would have thrown Captain Smilie, in his partiality for brevity, into raptures.

"Frank!"

"Dick!"

And they were locked in each other's arms.

Oho! thought I, here is one secret out at all events!

"Come Dick," said Frank, extricating herself from his embrace, "no nonsense, but tell us where is the 'Bold Runner;' not lost, I hope?"

"She is safe enough at anchor in Shark Inlet," answered Dick. "I left her in charge of the men, and took my skiff, thinking to get round here in season to surprise you all."

"And got surprised yourself," said Frank playfully. "But never mind, the squall is over. Suppose we go now, or 'pa will begin to be anxious about us."

"Go?" observed the major, "oh, yes, certainly. I believe we are all quite ready, — but how?"

"That is easy enough," answered Frank, "follow me."

She led the way and we followed, not without difficulty, down a steep declivity of slippery rocks, to a snug little cove on the lee side of the bluff, where a surf-boat with five oars was riding snugly at anchor.

"Now, then," said Frank, "you four gentlemen take your oars and I will steer, and mind, no crab-catching."

The storm was now fairly over, and the sun was

rising. Huge massive clouds, scattered like an army in retreat, were hurrying sullenly away to leeward, leaving large clear patches of blue sky in possession of the heavenly field. The sea, however, was still running high, and breaking over the beach which we had traversed a few hours before, and rolling in upon the sandy shore of the island in huge towering billows, that looked any thing but easy or safe to navigate.

Frank noticed this, and as soon as we were fairly clear of the rock turned our boat's head towards the Undaunted, for the purpose, as she said, of getting a fresh set of oarsmen, feeling sure of a capsize if she trusted to our skill in rowing. I must acknowledge that she managed our skiff with the dexterity of an old salt, and soon brought us safe alongside of the frigate, lying in the rough roadstead, as firm and steady as if she were a slip of some old British headland that had drifted out there and come to anchor.

We were received by Compton, who had the morning watch. He was too much accustomed to Frank's adventures to manifest any surprise, when we told him of the agreeable manner in which we had passed the morning. Vinal he received with the cordiality of an old friend, as indeed he was, and inquired for his yacht, which it appeared was a famous craft along the whole coast.

On descending to the cabin we found Captain Smilie up and shaving.

"Mahomed Ali is the Pacha of Egypt," cried he jovially, on beholding us, "never more welcome.

Vinal, my old boy, a little after the fair, eh? — Ha, ha, ha! Wet, is it? — well I'm dry. We shall have brandy and coffee directly. That's a remedy for both complaints. Now, then, Frank, how does the old craft look, — any criticism this morning, eh?"

"The main-yard wants squaring a little," said Frank.

"I guess as how she means the main-brace wants splicing, and not a bad idear either," said a husky voice from a state-room just behind us.

"Jill," observed Compton in explanation; "we brought him off last night, a little *non compos*. His mind has been running on web-footed pigs and jointed snakes ever since."

"Aye," continued Captain Smilie, "this is his first rational observation. Mr. Compton, see that that main-yard is attended to, and we'll look out for the main-brace afterwards."

The invigorating old Java, the fresh pure air of the morning, the exercise we had had in rowing, the cheerful rays of the sun, all conspired to send a warmth and geniality through our frames, and uplift our flattened spirits. Captain Jill was produced with a very red and swollen face, and very small eyes. One side of his immense shirt-collar was completely down, while the other "lifted its awful form" as on the evening previous. His hair, no longer sleek and smooth, waved stringily towards all points of the compass. We readily believed him when he stated that he was "not wery well." After a glass or two of brandy, however, he revived, and sang a

comic Dutch naval song, of which I only recollect one verse.

> "Better as schnaps, me gives 'em cat,
> If tey do n't like it tey can lump it,
> And ven tey cries, ter mees a rat,
> Me hits him mit the spoken trompet."

We learned from Vinal, that when we left Wednoon, he had immediately gone up to Mogadore, where he found the Bold Runner on her return, and that he left at once for the Isle of Sal, where the sly dog had often been before, expecting to reach there in season for the ball. We expressed our fears to him that the attractions of the place would detain him there some time, and so cause a still further delay in our voyage, dependent as we now were upon him for aid to carry it out.

"You may be sure that I shall not leave to-day or to-morrow either," said he, "but do n't be afraid; when you arrive in Mogadore you will see the Bold Runner safe at anchor."

It was with heartfelt regret that we returned our rubber toggery to Frank with many thanks, and bade her a last good-bye. Then exchanging farewell salutations with the rest of the party, we set off for the Double Eagle to make preparations for our departure. Frank's boat capsized in the rollers going on shore, and the last I saw of her she was skipping up the beach, with Vinal in full chase, shaking the water from her white dress, like a bird with dripping plumes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RETURN TO MOGADORE.

Our voyage back to Mogadore was much retarded by head winds and calms. On the thirteenth day we made the land, and shortly after, a sail was discerned to the southwest, which we judged to be the Undaunted. As the wind was from the northward, and we were directly to the westward of the island off Mogadore, we congratulated ourselves on having beaten the renowned British frigate. We had soon cause, however, to cease our too confident boasting, for on getting nearer to the shore we saw a rakish little pilot boat schooner stealing in under the land, already several miles to windward. We were not wrong in supposing this to be the Bold Runner.

As Vinal had predicted, on entering the harbor we found his little craft quietly at anchor. A few hours afterwards the Undaunted swept majestically round the island, and having anchored, thundered forth a salute, which sounded like the growls of the leviathan, angry at being beaten.

The next morning we called upon Vinal at his

residence in the fortress. It was a fine, solid, spacious building, a few doors from the British consulate, and was furnished in a style of splendor becoming a millionaire. We inquired for Frank, and were pleased to hear that she had suffered no inconvenience from her morning promenade, but was quite well, and had sent her respects.

We next went to the governor's, who received us as kindly as formerly, and expressed his sorrow for the treachery we had met with, and the loss we had suffered in consequence. He also congratulated us on having a friend in Mr. Vinal, who, he said, was a man of great influence in the country, perhaps second only to the emperor. "He is a good man," continued he, and we both love and respect him. He has done more towards removing our prejudices against the English and Americans than all other foreigners together." We were pleased to hear this opinion of Vinal from the bashaw, pleased and proud for our country's sake as well as for our own; for since the lively interest he had manifested in our enterprise, we had regarded him as "one of us." The bashaw then informed us that the desired permission had been granted by the emperor, on the payment of a small export duty, and that as soon as we had selected and embarked our camels, no obstacles would be interposed to our departure.

We afterwards called round to see our old friend, the Jew. He was profuse in his demonstrations of joy at our return, and I believe the old man was really glad to see us. His daughter also came in, and expressed her satisfaction at seeing us again. I

thought I detected a slight change in her appearance, which had been wrought even during the short period of our absence. She was more shrinking and timid than before, and was a cast paler. I mentioned this to the old man, when he accompanied us to the lower door. He changed color, and said that he had also observed it, but offered no explanation of the cause.

The few succeeding days were spent in the selection and embarkation of the camels. In addition to the drove which Vinal had sent up from Wed-noon, a caravan of three hundred, also belonging to him, had arrived at Mogadore during our absence, so that we had a fine opportunity of making a good selection. We found, upon measuring our vessel's deck, and putting up the stalls, that she would accommodate just thirty. We accordingly, with the aid of Vinal, selected twenty running camels, nine milch camels, besides the dark brown heirie which Vinal had presented to Tom. The four Moorish attendants whom we had engaged for the voyage, and as long after as we should mutually agree upon, came on board with the camels. They were recommended by Vinal, and proved to be good men.

We were to sail on the next day, and this last evening was to be devoted to the dinner at Vinal's, which the officers of the Undaunted had lost by their bet with us on the passage from Salt Island. We met, as agreed upon, at five in the afternoon, and sat down to a magnificent repast; but although each one seemed to do his best to promote the general sociability and cheerfulness, still it was rather a dull

affair, for there was something constantly tugging at our hearts, and whispering that it was our last reunion at the festive board. The wine circled freely — Tom was as funny, Hapgood as sparkling, and Captain Smilie as profound and philosophical as ever; but it was in vain. Ties were soon to be sundered, which had become pleasant and dear to us, and we had no heart to rejoice over the breaking of chains, whose links were all of flowers, which we knew would crumble and decay, and go back to dust, if severed.

It was after seven when we rose from the table, and as things were still dragging rather heavily, I proposed to the major a walk round to the old Jew's, telling our party that we would be back in season to be out before the closing of the gates.

We found the Jew and his daughter alone in their splendid drawing-room. Ruth had been weeping, and her eyes were still heavy. She seemed, however, pleased to see us. As for the old man, he was more enthusiastic than ever in his reception, heaping upon us all manner of entreaties to come oftener to his "humble dwelling." A tear actually came to his eye when we told him that we were to sail the next day, and had only come to say farewell. He pressed us to sit down so strongly that we were forced to consent, and asked his daughter to sing us a last song.

It needed only the tender melody of that almost living instrument, and the touching pathos of that trembling voice, to complete the sadness of our souls. She sang of partings, of the estrangement of old and

early friends, of the stiflings and ceasings of affection, and the dread destiny of us all — to be forgotten. I could have gone down on my knees in my wretchedness, and prayed her to change the strain — to let one ray of hope stream in, though it should be faint and evanescent as the twinkle of a star — but I had no power left me. I looked tearfully at the major, and the same spell was over him. It was strange enough for us to be sitting there, weeping like children at the idea of leaving a place which, but a short two months before, had been to us a blank; a country, too, considered for centuries back as the natural enemy of civilization; leaving this country again to return to our own, in the furtherance of a project on which we had set our hearts — but so it was.

It could only have been this weird influence under which we staggered, that prevented our hearing the rushing of men in the court below, and the hurrying of footsteps up the broad staircase. All that I recollect is the sudden presence in the room where we sat, of an armed body of Moors, above whom towered the hated form of the burly Ethiopian talb. Before we had time to move from our seats, we were bound hand and foot, and effectually gagged. The Jew and his daughter were seized and served in the same way. When this was done, and we were being carried down stairs, helpless as corpses, I heard the signal given for the shutting of the gates. The Ethiopian muttered something passionately, which I supposed to be an oath; but we were carried out, notwithstanding.

As we were borne along the street towards the gates, we passed several Jews standing at the doors of their houses, but they asked no questions, and ventured not a word of remonstrance.

On arriving at the gates, and after the keeper had turned the lock, but was hesitating to open them, probably bargaining for a high price for his infidelity, I noticed four or five men creeping stealthily along on the broad top of the wall.

"Avast, there!" sung out a voice which made the negro fairly shiver, for it was no other than that of Bill Smith; "Avast, there, I say; what foul play's agoin' on now?"

"There's the big nigger," sung out another voice, "give him the iron, Bill."

At the word, a glistening harpoon descended with tremendous force, striking deep into the Ethiopian's thigh, who roared out with pain like a dying bull.

"Haul in, boys," shouted Bill, again; "haul cheerily — here's a black fish!"

At this moment a rush of people to the gates on the outside was heard, and a sonorous voice called out, fiercely,

"Mahomed Ali is the Pacha of Egypt; down with the gates, boys, and give it to the blasted scoundrels. Make short work of it. Recollect, brevity is the soul of wit!"

No sooner was the order given, than the gates flew back upon their hinges, laying some half dozen Moors sprawling in the dust, and ripping up the flesh on the side of the faithless keeper, who happened to be underneath.

Smilie, Rothery, Hapgood, and Tom entered, followed by eight English sailors, who seized the muskets and cimeters from the terrified Moors, and laid lustily about them. Those were lucky who escaped without a blow or a gash.

"It is well you are going off to-morrow," observed captain Smilie, while they all assisted to unbind and put us on our legs again, "or I should have to place a watch over you boys."

We accompanied the Jew and his daughter back to their house, where a demijohn of Canary was served out to the men. Captain Smilie having promised the old man to call upon the bashaw, and see that no harm came to him in consequence of this night's proceedings, we moved off towards the water side, where we found our ladies, Compton, Purser Sly, and a strong guard of English sailors. Hapgood remained at the Jew's house for the night, to dress the negro's wound.

He reported to us the next day that he was crippled for life, and in such a manner, too, as would, for the future, pretty effectually put a stop to his lustful propensities.

CHAPTER XIX.

OFF AGAIN.

The next day opened finely. At eight o'clock we hoisted our flags, determined to go off with a brave show outside, at any rate. The Undaunted, in addition to her British ensign and long pennant, hoisted also the American flag at the fore, and the Bold Runner was fairly alive with colors of all nations.

After breakfast we went on shore to make our farewell visits. We bade good bye to the bashaw, thanking him sincerely for the assistance he had rendered us; and he, on his part, expressed a hope that our voyage might turn out sufficiently profitable to warrant a repetition.

Having a little time to spare, we called round again upon the Jew, to inquire after his own and his daughter's health. We found the old man pacing to and fro in the lower hall of his house, like a sentinel on duty. He informed us that his daughter was far from well, and kept her chamber: — as for the negro, he had been removed to his own house. We accordingly had to content ourselves with send-

ing up our kindest regards, and again bade the old man farewell. He held us by the hand some time, without speaking. At length the conflicting sentiments of his heart found utterance.

"You are going," said he, "and I shall never see you again. I am an old man, and shure cannot long live. And mine daughter — vat vill become of mine daughter, ven ve are all gone? Oh, if I had mine monish ready, I vould go vith you. But mine monish, I cannot leave mine monish."

We made no effort to conceal the disgust which this last exhibition of the ruling passion excited in our breasts, and turned away. Infatuated old fool! Is not hell worse than earthly poverty?

On our way to the water side, the major and I turned a little out of our course into the street where the Ethiopian lived, in order to gratify a certain malicious pleasure which we took in getting the latest report of his sufferings.

As we approached the house, a female rushed wildly out, but on seeing us, stopped, and gave us a look full of fiendish defiance and hatred. Her hair was uncombed, and hanging in tangled masses over her white shoulders and bared bosom. Her eyes were bloodshot, her nose was slightly tinged with red, and her mouth had that peculiarly unpleasant look which I should term "hard." She was altogether the most revolting specimen of womankind that I ever saw.

"So," said she, with a shriek and scowl of the deepest malignity, "you are the fine gentlemen who rescued old David's daughter from a better fate than

she deserved. She, indeed — to set herself up as being better than we! But it's no use; it's her fate, as it has been of many a better one, and she can't get away from it. And what is there better, I should like to know; eh, what — what, I say?" Here the voice of the miserable creature ran up into a perfect howl, as if she were defying all time and the endless ages of eternity ever to breathe again into her soul one gush of her girlish purity and tenderness.

"And how is the Ethiopian to-day?" inquired the major, feigning a commiseration which I am sure he did not feel.

"You do well to ask," she replied, with a more hateful look than before, glaring at us, indeed, like an angry tigress. "And you call yourselves Christians. You gave us a fine example of good will and brotherly forbearance, in sending home here a mangled, mutilated carcass, to be a weight and burden to us all, instead of the strong and lusty form that had been to us a pleasure. But my curse shall follow you, and it shall be none the lighter that I am of your own race and blood; it shall follow you wherever you go, and be my only satisfaction forever. I hate you, and all that belongs to you; and if I were a man, one of us should answer for this."

"Come," said the major, taking my arm, "we have no further time to listen to this rigmarole; our wives are expecting us at the boat."

At the word "wife" she started, and a shade of horror passed over her face, which covering as well as she could with her hands, she ran shrieking back

into the house, like a guilty ghost of darkness at the approach of light.

Oh, Jew's daughter; from what a fate wast thou rescued! Madness is a terrible thing, yet we are told that a drop of water on the brain will work it; but a foul and false heart in woman is a far more terrible thing—even an everlasting madness—and yet, one little sentiment of vice, cherished but for a moment, is the germ thereof.

In the hurry and bustle of departure from port, there is usually little time or disposition, on shipboard, for sadness or regrets. Our deck was a perfect mart of confusion. The camels occupied the principal part of it, and as they were not quite located as yet, made a greater show than they needed to have done. Our Moors, too, were decidedly in the way of the seamen, always happening to be squatting on the very coil of rope that was wanted for use. The quarter-deck was in no neater condition. The bashaw, as a parting token of affection, had sent off some sheep, goats, chickens, fruit and vegetables; and the Jew had likewise contributed to our stores, by a present of several baskets of oranges, figs and pomegranates. All these things were strewed about in delectable disorder, causing sundry little inconveniences to our guests, such as a huge rent in the pantaloons of Captain Smilie, the result of that individual's coming suddenly in contact with the horns of a goat, and Mr. Purser Sly's being precipitated headlong into a basket of fresh eggs, the natural consequence of stumbling over a sheep.

At eleven o'clock a parting sentiment was proposed by Captain Smilie — "May we live till we die; and when that eventful period is passed, may we all meet in heaven."

"Amen," said Hapgood, with a nod towards our side of the deck; "and as the celestial railroad, which one of your countrymen started, is not now in successful operation, may we go up on a rainbow."

After which they all left us, except Vinal, Hapgood and Rothery, who had agreed to accompany us a little way, returning in the Bold Runner. With a fresh breeze off the land, we stood once more out towards the broad sea, casting many a lingering look at the white walls of Mogadore as we sailed by, now full of interest, and wondering within ourselves that we could ever have looked upon them without pleasurable emotions. We were again to return to the society of our little circle, with many new experiences and fresh bonds of sympathy. If, since leaving home, we had seen human nature in worse phases than before, we had perhaps also seen it in better. At all events, the picture of life had been presented to us in stronger colors, with more marked contrasts and a distincter outline than we had ever noticed in the tamer tableaux of our native places. It is but fair to suppose, however, that it was the novelty of our situation which produced this impression on our minds.

Early in the afternoon, Vinal, Rothery and Hapgood took a final leave of us, in order to be able to beat back before dark. Vinal promised to see us

again at some future time in the States, when Frank should be his wife. We kept watching their little vessel till she was a mere white speck, contrasting indistinctly with the dark, hazy shore — a last visible relic, speaking silently but eloquently to the heart, of the pleasant times we had passed, and the true friends we had met, in the country we were leaving.

But the camels looked not back; yet they were bound to a new and untried land; and would see the waving palm trees, the green oasis, and the sands of the desert — no more.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAGRES.

Nothing of special interest occurred during our voyage back. We were favored with fine weather, and the time passed quickly away. We had something to do in studying the tastes and habits of our camels, and in endeavoring to pick out of our Moors a few words of their language. Besides, we had our past adventures to talk over, as well as our future prospects to discuss.

I am sorry to confess that we saw neither the sea serpent, nor the Flying Dutchman, nor even a solitary mermaid. We did, however, see a whale or two, occasionally, in calm weather, the dark fin of a shark, plenty of dolphins, and, after arriving on the South American coast, a shoal of porpoises. We spoke but one vessel, the Belle Creole, from Bordeaux, bound to Martinique, and it was hard work speaking her, for she mistook us at first for a pirate, and crowded all sail to escape.

When the camels and the Moorish language failed to interest us, we studied the Moors themselves, and soon made them out to be quite characters in their

way; but now that I look back upon it, I think it was a very insipid sort of way. Finally, when camels, Moors, officers, crew, every thing else, in fact, failed, we still had the cook to fall back upon, and he was a host. Often during the mild summer evenings, running down the trades, did we cluster round him on the lee side of the galley, watching the foam as it drifted gurgling past, or looking far away over the lonely waste of waters, while his honest voice kept sounding in our ears, as he steadily, sleepily, dreamily narrated his simple experiences.

At length the cheering cry of "Land, ho!" was heard. We were again in sight of the American continent. The captain, knowing it to be a bold shore, ran in pretty close, enabling us to feast our land-sick eyes upon a magnificently mountainous coast. The first land we made proved to be the highlands off Porto Bello. We ran down in obedience to a fresh northeaster, and were not long in passing Mansanilla Island in Navy Bay, where we saw a large steamship at anchor, and soon after came in sight of three more steamships, lying off the point of our destination — Chagres.

The scenery along the coast was certainly grand and striking: — the bold headlands, pierced occasionally by fearful looking ravines, pouring their tribute of waters with a rushing sound into the embrace of the mad waves, hurrying to receive it; the deep, rich green of the dense foliage which covered these steppes, and crowded down to the very water's edge, suggestive of wild beasts and

venomous reptiles beneath its dark luxuriance; an occasional reef of rocks jutting out a few feet from the shore, lashed and beaten by the angry breakers, which seemed jealous of even so small an encroachment on their domain, and seethed and fretted, and threw up foam of livid rage. With this bold and lifelike cast of scenery, we found it difficult to reconcile the melancholy stories we had heard of the deadly atmosphere of Chagres. Here in this hilly region, washed by the Atlantic's waves and blown upon by her freshest winds, we thought man must rather take a new start in existence, and breathe in a new and keener life. But first impressions are often deceitful.

When we got abreast of the old fort of San Lorenzo, where we anchored, the American side of the town was distinctly visible. It was nothing more or less than a sand bank, covered with shingle palaces, and seemed built nearly on a level with the sea. Boats were plying to and from the steamships outside of us in great profusion, and on shore the crowd was immense; so that the little neck of land where the houses stood seemed fairly alive with human beings.

I went on shore with the captain and the major in the brig's boat, to see about the possibility of entering with the vessel at once. Before we left, however, several boats from the town, seeing that we had passengers, came along-side. Cadaverous looking boatmen clambered on board, with sundry inducements to our people to take passage with them. "Here's the Ring-tailed Roarer," said one;

"beats all the small craft on the levee — chased a streak of lightning the other day — came pretty near catching it, only didn't — take you right ashore — two dollars a head." "Stop your nonsense," said another, bringing himself forward with somewhat of a Micawber air — "Ladies and gentlemen, you may consider yourselves fortunate in having an opportunity of landing at Chagres for the first time in the Lady Stanhope — a boat, I may say ——." "If you want to go on shore," said a third, elbowing his way a little in advance of the others, "I'm the tulip to take you along; put you right on the levee, opposite the Irving House — first-rate hotel — where Jenny Lind always stops when she's at Chagres." We assured these facetious individuals that our passengers had no idea of leaving the vessel until she was inside. They had no time to ask any questions about the camels, which they simply looked at as they came on board, and again as they descended to their boats, for with them time was of too much importance to be wasted in the study of natural history. Besides, they had seen things far more astonishing in their day, and would doubtless have manifested the same indifference, had our cargo consisted of giraffes instead of camels, or specimens of that fabulous animal, known in Chagres as the "ring-tailed roarer."

On rounding the point where the old fort is built, we found Chagres, like a fashionable modern romance, in two parts; the native side, consisting of a few low bamboo huts, covered with palm leaves, with here and there a two-story pine framed build-

ing, bearing unmistakeable traces of having been recently erected. The American side could boast of some fifty buildings of the latter sort, among which a prodigious number of hotel signs were startlingly conspicuous. Most of these houses were painted white or whitewashed, and some indulged in the luxury of green blinds. The levee was literally swarmed with boats of all varieties, from a birch canoe to a first class yacht. There were also two American brigs, several small coasting schooners, and some three or four small specimens of steam craft; but the great feature was boats, as the great permanent feature of society on shore is boatmen, of which class of people indeed Chagres is the paradise.

If any sensation of the picturesque or romantic had been suggested by the outside appearance of Chagres, it all vanished as soon as we landed. The green hills around, the calm, beautiful river flowing rapidly but noiselessly to the sea, the long sandy beach, the groves of the cocoa-nut we had remarked on approaching, the fresh afternoon sea breeze, and the bright sunshine over all, were as things that had never been. A glance told us too plainly that we were in the midst of filth, disease, degradation, aye, of vice in almost every form. As we walked up the beach, surrounded by people of all lands and costumes, among which predominated specimens of the sallow-faced, long-limbed inhabitant of our western frontier, and the half naked, vagabondish looking native — every other man evidently on his last legs — I felt a disgust for the place, amounting

almost to horror. On our way to the American consulate, a native building with thatched roof, we passed more people engaged in the delectable occupations of gambling, drinking and fighting, than I have ever seen similarly employed before in the whole course of my life. If this was one of the first fruits of California, we had been too hasty in our estimation of the boon. If this town of grog-shops and gambling shanties was the extension of freedom's area, Heaven forbid that it should go any further! I had before received unpleasant impressions of men and things at first sight, but never any thing so staggering as this. I afterwards came to see the causes of all this more in detail, and my closer examination of the people and the place, led me to understand very satisfactorily certain apellations given to it by its non-admirers, such as "a new hell," and "the sink-hole of creation."

It was easy to distinguish between the outward bound Californians, and the returning. The former were fresher, neater looking, had clean faces and considerable baggage, and were easily recognised by a kind of timid, questioning look, which they mostly wore. The latter were sallow, hard-featured, rich in hair and beard, generally in dirty shirts, and with certain unique looking patches on their outer garments, done in the primitive style of needle-craft known as "herring boning." Their luggage, too, had grown "small by degrees and beautifully less," till it was easily encompassed by a pair of saddle-bags or a rusty valise. Many of them had certain foreign articles in their attire, which marked

them still more definitely as among the initiated, such as Mexican ponchos, Chinese umbrellas and Panama hats. But what cared these stern-visaged gentry for outward appearance? They had, most of them, a little iron-bound box, with sealed ends, either in their possession or as freight on one of the steam-ships in the bay, which would in due time tell its story for them, chaunting golden lyrics for the returning heroes.

After making a bargain with the captain of one of the little steamers lying along the levee, to bring our vessel in, the major and I took a stroll along the sea beach, by way of getting a change of air, preparatory to going off. It was certainly invigorating to turn our backs upon the town, and let our eyes roam over the vast, hazy hills that towered one above another in the rear of Chagres, or out upon the deep rolling sea. We had travelled but a few rods, however, before we were painfully reminded of our proximity to that delectable place, by coming suddenly upon a plantation of hillocks, beneath which, certain slabs of wood, in one or two cases, told us reposed some of the Chagres dead of the past twelve months.

We were turning back, when I observed a slab somewhat larger than the rest, painted white, with an inscription thereon in black letters. It told the passer-by that there reposed the remains of George H——, who died at Chagres on the 5th of March, 1850, of inflammatory fever, aged 25. A few simple lines below stated that he had been the sole support of his mother, a widow, and a family of five

young children. This announcement, of itself, told a story sufficiently interesting; but on me it had a startling effect. George H—— had been the friend and playmate of my boyhood. We had sat together in the same form at school, read from the same book, and (I ought to blush in confessing it) I had often copied hard mathematical solutions from his slate. He was my senior by a few years, and initiated me into all the mysteries of gunning, fishing, and the sublime science of boating. He was a finely formed, robust boy, and, I used to think, had the handsomest, manliest face I had ever seen. I was comparatively weak and puny, and certainly awkward, but from the first day that I went to the master's school, he took me under his protection, and our friendship was never interrupted till, at the age of fifteen, he left school and went to sea.

He was a handsome boy enough when he left school, with his fair, rosy cheeks, his broad, white forehead, and his long curling hair, but when he arrived home from Calcutta after an absence of eleven months, and came one afternoon to our play-ground, before school commenced, dressed in a new suit of blue, with a darker shade upon his face, and his hair cut short and curling crispily all over his head, how much more manly and glorious in his beauty did he seem. We involuntarily left our sports at once to crowd about him. His voice was deeper and richer and more musical, and as I pressed to his side and drank in his every word, he seemed to me like another sort of being altogether from the boys around. After hearing his stories

about the sea and foreign lands, I thought when we got into school again, that the old room had grown narrower and darker, and that the boys looked pale, squeamish and sick. I couldn't study any that afternoon, but kept longing for the time when I too could be a sailor, and go to far off places, where oranges and cocoa-nuts were as plenty as apples, or sit out on the ship's bobstay of a summer afternoon, and watch the porpoises playing in the spray under the vessel's bow. And here was now George H——, or all that was left of that glorious form that I used almost to worship, buried in the ground at my feet!

But this was not all. I knew the story of his family, and how nobly he had toiled for them for many a year; how he had even provided his dear mother with many luxuries, and had educated his young brothers and sisters in the best manner his native town admitted of. I wondered, half jealously, as I turned away to overtake the major, whose privilege it had been to soothe his last moments, and receive his parting message to those dearer to him than life. But oh, I could not bear to let my mind dwell on that heart-breaking moment, when the sad intelligence reached that little household afar, that their darling was dead, in a foreign land, and they would never, never see him any more.

When I had nearly reached the beach, I turned round to take another look at the white slab. There were two hairy, rough looking customers standing before it, reading the inscription. While I looked, one of them raised his arm to his forehead, (God

bless him for that!) and with his dingy sleeve wiped away the gathering tear. Many a Californian has lingered for a moment on his outward or homeward journey, in that melancholy spot, and read the simple story which that white slab is ever telling, and so had his thoughts carried back to his own hearth-side which he has just left, or hopes soon to revisit, and has turned away with sadder and better feelings, and a new trust in the faith of his fellowmen.

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined;
The Delphian vales, — the Palestines, —
The Meccas of the mind."

I came up with the major in front of a bamboo tenement, where a man was selling fruit and liquor. He, the major, had two oranges in his hand, and was strenuously endeavoring to learn the price thereof. The proprietor, however, was in no hurry to give the desired information, but looked haggardly from one to the other of us, without reply. "Do n't you understand English?" persisted the major. "I want to buy these two oranges, how much shall I give you for them?"

Instead of answering, the man, whose skin was about the color of the articles he dealt in, laid his head down upon his stand, and was soon sound asleep. The major dropped a quarter into his lap and we left him to his repose. The next morning he was dead.

On leaving the residence of this interesting gentleman, we entered a small framed building of one story

and a half, the lower part of which was occupied as a shop for fancy goods. While we were negotiating here for some articles of toilette, we became witnesses of a scene, which tends to show, that in point of a free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky, d—l-take-it tone of society, Chagres is fairly entitled to bear the palm from all new places.

We were waited upon by a tall, saucy-looking young man who stood behind the counter. As we were making our selections, or rather submitting to a "Hobson's choice," from a very limited stock of goods, I could not help remarking a savory smell which came in by the back-door, so unlike was it to all the other odors of Chagres.

"What is that in your back-yard," said I to the young man, "which smells so refreshing?"

"Roast duck," said he, "a beauty, that our man John killed this morning; fat and tender, — won't you stop and dine with us? Our table will easily accommodate two more."

We thanked him for the invitation, which we could not accept of. I noticed in the back part of the shop a small table set for three persons, and also observed hovering near it two hungry-looking specimens of returned Californian humanity, one of whom, like Bucklaw, was whistling desperately while "wearying for his dinner."

"Sorry for it," answered the young man, referring to our inability to dine with him, "as the fare at the hotels is decidedly of the '*toujours* pork' order. But here comes G———, our consul, — one of the finest fellows out of jail; he'll not refuse to make a fourth

with us. Hulloa, G———!" continued he, as that gentleman entered the shop, "you must dine with us to-day; we are to have roast duck."

"Roast, duck," returned G———; "well, I don't mind. It's not often that such a thing happens; but do you know, Fred, that I have got a duck on board of my steamer here by the levee — and such a duck! — fatting up for a grand fourth of July dinner?"

A curious look came suddenly over the countenance of the young man. G——— observed it, and the same curious look stole over his own, only with tenfold greater intensity.

"Fred," said he solemnly, as soon as he could speak, "was this a white duck?"

"As a snow-drift," said Fred.

"Fat?" inquired G———, in a faltering tone.

"As a partridge," answered Fred.

A dreadfully misgiving expression came over G———'s face, as he proposed a third interrogatory — "Tail feathers tipped with black?"

"Why, confound it man," exclaimed Fred, trying hard to prevent an outburst of laughter as the truth flashed across him, "you must have seen the biped before."

"My poor duck!" gasped the consul, staggering out of the apartment.

Another individual now entered, a tall, melancholy looking man, who proved to be the proprietor of the adjoining hotel. Fred, who seemed convivially disposed, extended an invitation to dine to this gentleman also, informing him that the great feature of the board was to be roast duck.

"Duck," said the proprietor thoughtfully, "I was not aware that there were any ducks in Chagres — except, indeed, a beautiful white one, which I brought down from New York with me, a duck that I set as much by as if it were a human being, — a knowing duck — a duck that money can't buy; why, gentlemen, I respect and venerate that duck as much as ever the old Romans did geese."

"Probably," remarked the saucy-looking young man, "or as the natives of Siam venerate white elephants. But I am strongly inclined to believe, neighbor, that this is your duck that John killed this morning in the back-yard."

"My duck —— dead ——!" said the new comer, catching his breath at every word. "But it cannot be — was this duck a fat, white one, with tail feathers tipped with black?"

"The same," said the young man with a look, a thousand times saucier than ever.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed the proprietor, while an expression of horror darkened over him that I have rarely seen equalled. After a few moments, coming to himself, he resumed in a calmer tone, "But it will be some satisfaction to me to learn something of his last moments. I trust that this desperado John, in killing this poor inoffensive bird, did not hurt him much."

"Oh, no," said Fred, "he broke his leg first by flinging a stick of wood at him, then put some small shot into him, and as that didn't quite finish the business, wrung his neck afterwards, to put him out of pain."

"My poor duck!" shrieked the man as he rushed headlong from the shop.

The major and I having completed our purchases were leaving the house, when we were stopped by our new acquaintance.

"Hold on a minute," said he, "General Jackson is just turning out up stairs; he has been on a lark for three days. He is owner of this establishment of which I am head clerk. His name is Jackson, and we give him the title of general, because he tries to imitate some of the manners of 'Old Hickory,' to whom he pretends to be a sort of second cousin. He was 'tight' enough two hours ago, when we put him to bed, but I suppose that the smell of roast duck has brought him to. It would be a capital joke if he should pretend to be the owner of the bird, as two claimants have appeared already."

A fat, rubicund visage, surmounting a form every way worthy of it, appeared on the ladder leading to the upper story. The proboscis, which was the prominent feature in this visage, seemed like that of the war-horse mentioned in scripture — capable of scenting things at a great distance, for it was very large, very red, and very powerful looking.

"Ahem!" said the individual to whom these good things belonged, on reaching the floor of the lower apartment, "something nice for dinner, — eh, Fred?"

"Roast duck," answered Fred.

"Not *my* duck?" inquired the general.

"I don't know about that," answered Fred, "but it's a fine, fat duck, white, with tail feathers tipped

with black. John killed him this morning in the back-yard."

"My duck, by the eternal!" roared the general.

The major and I were near bursting with laughter, and we did not stay to witness the *denouement*.

As our men had not assembled to pull us off, when we reached the boat we went into a ticklish-looking panel-house, put up on the extreme end of the beach, with the sign, "American Coffee House," over the door. There was a fine, stout, big-whiskered fellow serving out coffee and brandy to the boatmen, on a plank supported by two barrels.

We each took a cup at a dime a piece. The proprietor of this establishment informed us that he cleared about thirty dollars a day, and should do better, but he had some friends in the house sick, who occupied the best part of his lodging room. As the building consisted of but one room, nine feet by twelve, I looked around with some curiosity to see how his sick lodgers were disposed of. He pointed to the roof, and sure enough there were three pine boards, stretched across, directly under the eaves, each of which bent beneath the weight of a Chagres invalid. I asked him if he was not afraid of getting sick himself in such a place. "Well," said he, "I suppose I shall after a while; but I shall make enough first to give me a fair start; and, then, the first shake, why," continued he, snapping his fingers towards the steamships outside, "I shall just 'vamose the ranche.'" But the poor fellow never lived to "vamose the ranche." He was taken with Chagres fever, as I afterwards learned, during the

absence of the steamships, and died after a few days' sickness.

A shower coming up at this time, it was amusing enough to see the proprietors of a row of "hotels" on the beach, bestirring themselves to get in their cooking-stoves, before the rain had put out their fire, matches being scarce and high; and truly pitiable to observe the fever and ague society withdrawing to their shanties, from the late glad sunshine and fresh breeze, with many a longing look behind; while the more healthy abandoned the roulette and monte tables stationed outside, and laid about them for "drinks," with an activity that was quite awful to behold.

Oh, Chagres! thou despised of all places, — thou den of vagabonds — thou charnel-house, — why art thou thus accursed? Is not the same sky above thee, dotted nightly by the same stars that look on fairer places? Is there not one just man in thy midst to save thee? Where is the stout labor that should ditch and drain thy reeking, filthy soil? — where the eye to plan and sketch thy broad thoroughfares and stately squares — the hand to plant the palm, the tamarind and the mango along thy spacious avenues? Where the capital, so greedy of employ elsewhere, to build thy princely dwellings, thy quays, thy warehouses? — where the one true heart, beating with love for the land of its birth or adoption, to say "for *thy* sake, Chagres." So said I to myself as we pulled back to the brig, and looked upon the shingle palaces and human stir upon the sandy point. But there was no echo even to reply.

Arriving on board again, it appeared that Tom had made a flying visit to the shore during our absence, and had become the proprietor of two parrots and a monkey. He was giving the ladies a glowing account of the place, assuring them that it resembled New York very much.

"It has its fort at the entrance," said Tom, with a parrot on each arm and the monkey looking over his shoulder. "It has its Brooklyn, which is the native side, and then it resembles New York, particularly in the number and names of its hotels, as for instance Irving House, Astor House, United States Hotel, Howard Hotel; and so on, ladies and gentlemen, *ad infinitum*."

CHAPTER XXI.

LANDING OF THE CAMELS.

The next morning the little steamer "Orus" came off and took us into port. We laid plank from the deck to the levee, and walked our camels ashore without difficulty. There was, of course, a crowd on the beach, attracted by the novelty of the affair; but there was little enthusiasm manifested. The majority seemed busily engaged in discussing the probabilities of the importation as a paying concern.

A tall, long, flaxen-haired genius from New Hampshire, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, and yellow pantaloons, who was trading with a native for a straw hat, created a diversion in our favor.

"Constantinople!" said he, with a roar of laughter, bending himself up, and holding tight to his knees. "Ef you ain't some! Fellar citizens, here's a natyve 'ud rather hev two dimes than a quarter; blowed ef he'd n't. Ef he ain't a case for Barnum, there's no gingerbread!"

We watched the process of landing with no little anxiety, although there was no danger attending it.

When our Moors had led the last camel to the shore, we breathed more freely, and in the fullness of our hearts we could have cheered long and loudly; but in the midst of such a dignified body of "fellar citizens," we had no idea of doing any thing so unbecoming. They all came out in good order — the camels of course. They were a little swollen about the ancles and knee-joints, and had a certain heaviness in the eyes often noticed in animals after long continuance without exercise. Our Moors assured us that they would soon correct those symptoms, and that two or three days' moderate exercise along the beach would restore them to their wonted beauty and vigor. We had learned on the day previous, from the consul, that there was a clearing about a mile and a half distant from the point, near a fresh-water river which there emptied into the sea. He described it as a suitable place to encamp, being high and dry, with excellent water close at hand, and sufficiently far removed from the stench of the town. So we saddled our beasts, in the most approved style of Moorish camel-craft, and, with stately steps and slow, our little caravan moved grandly out of Chagres.

We passed along the soft sand of the beach single file, the redoubtable major leading the van, with the air of a conqueror taking possession of a captured domain; the rest of us sprinkled along the line, among the pack camels, or any where, that we happened to fall in; and Tom, on his favorite little brown heirie, a perfect menagerie of parrots, bill-birds and monkeys, bringing up the rear. The fresh ocean breeze, and

the feeling of the soft moving sand under their feet, had an inspiriting effect upon our camels, who set out into a swinging pace, that soon left the unwashed and unterrified of Chagres far behind us.

Here, kind reader, we must part for the present. One portion of the enterprise which we proposed to ourselves at the outset, is accomplished, at any rate. It is true that we have not succeeded fully in all the details of our plan, and what mortal ever did? Still, we have done much, we have taken the first step, we have laid the corner-stone in a new and heretofore untried business. The great northern route to California, over the plains, is still trodden by the lingering foot of the mule, horse or ox, and the majestic stride of the camel is yet to supersede them. The southern route through Texas and New Mexico, by the valley of the Gila, is as yet no more frequented, or comfortably passed over, for our own efforts in its behalf. The Great Desert still collects its tribute of decaying bones, and the broad central plateau, lying between the Gila and the Colorado of the west, teeming, doubtless, with undreamt of mineral wealth, is unexplored. Minesota, Nebraska, the wearisome trail of the traders from Independence to Santa Fe, and all our distant, far-stretching and unfrequented mail routes, demand in vain, so far, for the aid which we have perhaps somewhat prematurely promised by the camel enterprise. But there is no time like the present to atone for the short-comings of the past. All that we have proposed will be done, and much more — not by our little band of pioneers, but by many united in the

same cause. The camel will yet be domesticated and bred in our western states and territories, as the ox, the mule and the horse now are, and will doubtless do more towards extending the outskirts of our civilization than all other appliances to boot.

Here then, I repeat, this portion of my narrative terminates. We have seen the camels safe on our own side of the great pond. I would be glad, reader, to have you accompany us in our journey across the Isthmus, (for you may be sure that we remained not long at Chagres,) to take you by the button-hole, and keep you listening, if you will, to our adventures up to the time when the turrets of Panama's old churches, and the broad bosom of the Pacific burst upon our view — aye, to the moment when we entered the old walled city, and the major's first prophetic vision of the end was fully realized. It may be that the best part of our adventures is yet to come. But all this seems properly to belong to another volume. Our enterprise, from the moment of leaving Chagres, assumed an entirely new character. We formed many new associates, and lived in the midst of a train of circumstances, and a class of people entirely distinct and different from any thing that we had previously encountered. It may be that, at some future period, if I can find the time and inclination, I will beg your attention to this journey, promising you, in my description of "Life on the Isthmus," a narrative, to say the least, no less interesting than the present.

"And now, farewell — a word that must be, and has been,
A sound that makes us linger."

Yet stay — let us take one last look together at the picture which is now risen before me, fresh and distinct as an affair of to-day.

The time is sunset — "the hour of better angels." In the foreground is the sandy beach, with the weary waves that have travelled ever so far for an embrace of the old shore, tumbling heavily upon its yielding breast, and gurgling back with a deep drawn sigh of satisfied desire. Beyond rises in a gentle slope, a green lawn, as smooth and velvety as you would expect to find on an English nobleman's estate. And those two old trees, that look so much like the old English elm, only of more gigantic proportions — how they stand half way up the lawn like sentinels placed there by nature, centuries ago; now with drooping heads, reclining towards each other, and intermingling their more extended limbs as if for mutual support! Beneath and in the rear of these old trees are Arab tents, and men of dusky faces in strange and flowing garbs, as well as others in more familiar guise, with fair women among them, are there; and there, too, straying with noiseless footfall on the velvet soil, or reclining at ease and snuffing in the salt-laden breeze from the sea, are camels grazing. The background is heavy, sombre and indistinct, with dark, brown, hazy mountains, which serve to bring out in more striking relief the tableaux in the centre. On the right is a river coming from the mountains, and hurrying to the sea with a musical tramp. Afar on the left is Chagres, half hid in its hollow, and looking almost inviting in the distance. But let us return to the

picture beneath the old elms, and look at it again ere it fades away forever. It is probably the first scene of the kind ever witnessed on this continent. What calmness and oriental a quietude there is about it! What a simplicity worthy of the patriarchs!

And of those recumbent forms, stretched comfortably upon the green sward, with the air of men who seem to say that

> "Something attempted — something done,
> Has earned a night's repose,"

what thick-coming fancies are filling the busy brain? Are their minds occupied with the past, returning grateful thanks to Him who has guided and protected them in their perilous voyage, and brought them safely to the end, and been pleased to crown their efforts with so much success? Or look they forward, speculating inwardly on the dim possibilities of an unfathomable future? Or go their thoughts away to their home and friends afar, whom for so many long months they have not seen or heard from? Something of all this. And other thoughts are theirs at times, not sad or sorrowful, but just tinged with the faintest shade of melancholy, when there come over them recollections of those whom they have met since the beginning of their voyage, and recognized as friends — those who have kept them from learning the hard experience of "strangers in a strange land" — in whose presence they have felt it a pleasure and a privilege to be — and whom they may never see again; — of the venerable Baron in his solitary isle; of brave Captain

Smilie and the absorbing Jill; of Rothery, Compton, Hapgood and Purser Sly; of the kind old Bashaw, and glorious Dick Vinal; of Ruth, the Jew's daughter, piling up sweet sounds and hiding herself beneath them; of Frank Martinez, rioting in excess of beauty; and of another — once the life and light of that little party — now dead and buried far down among the coral reefs of an ocean sepulchre.

THE END.

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